

SEPTEMBER 4, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 562.—Vol. XXII.

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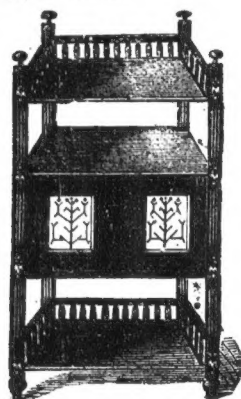
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[PARIS, 1878]

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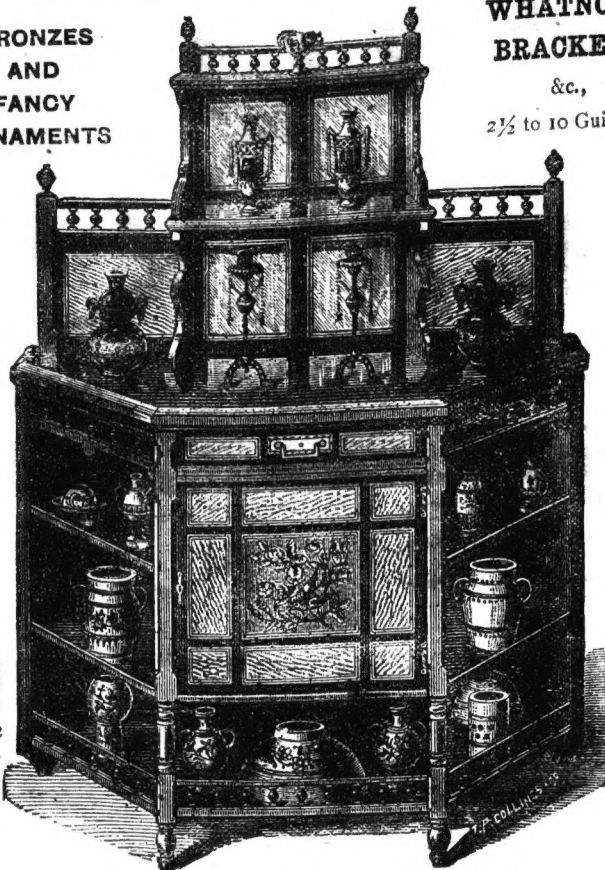


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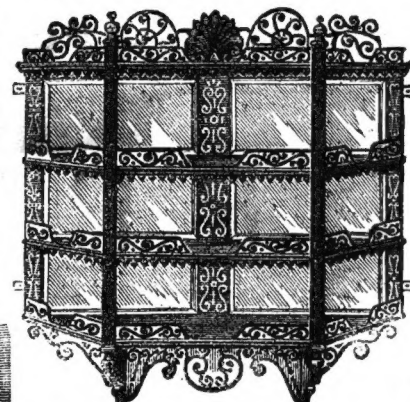
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Brass and Iron, in stock,
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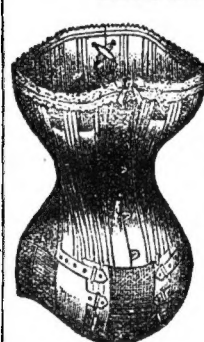
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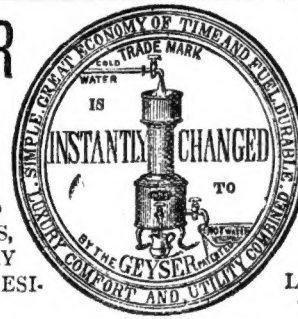
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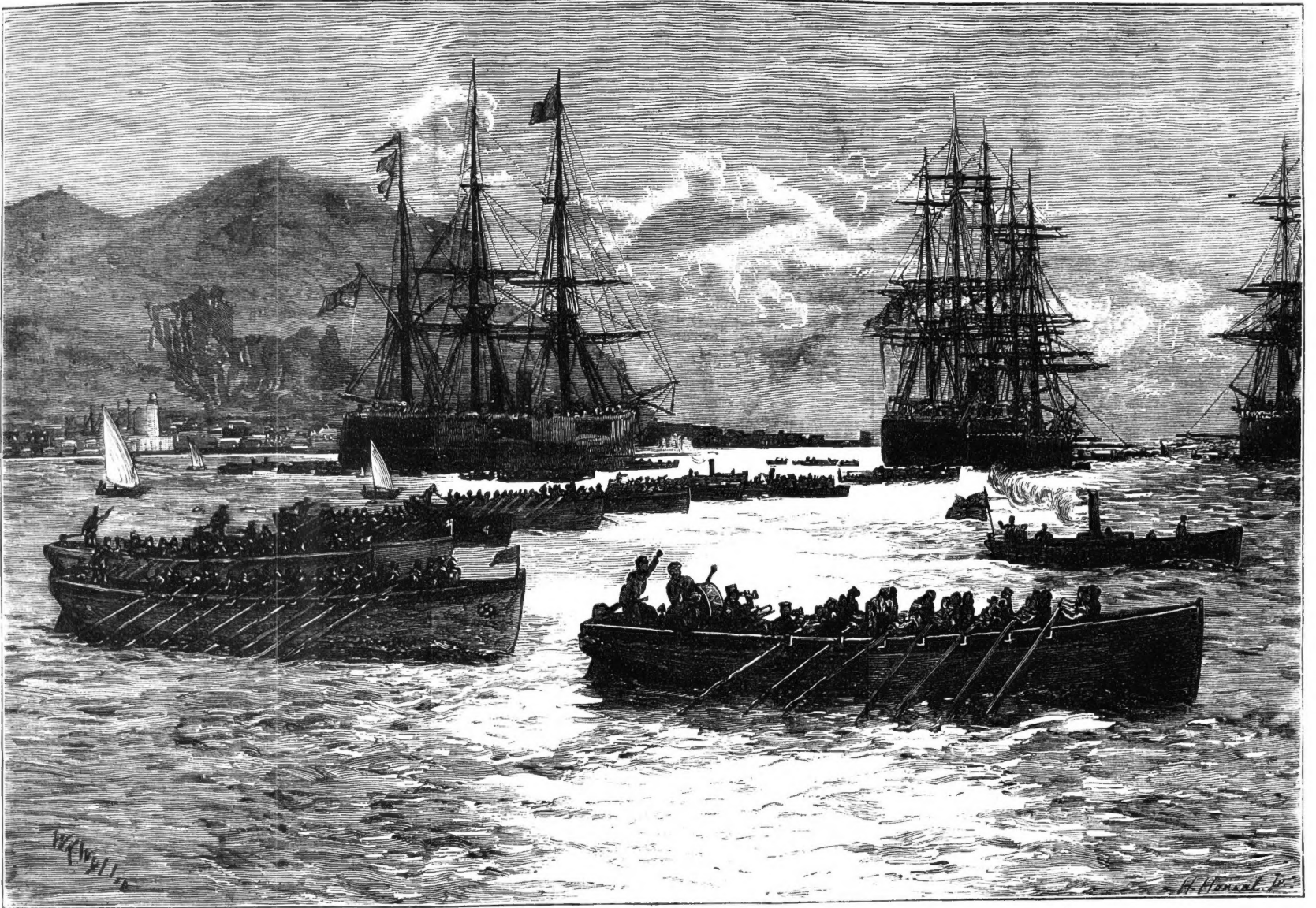
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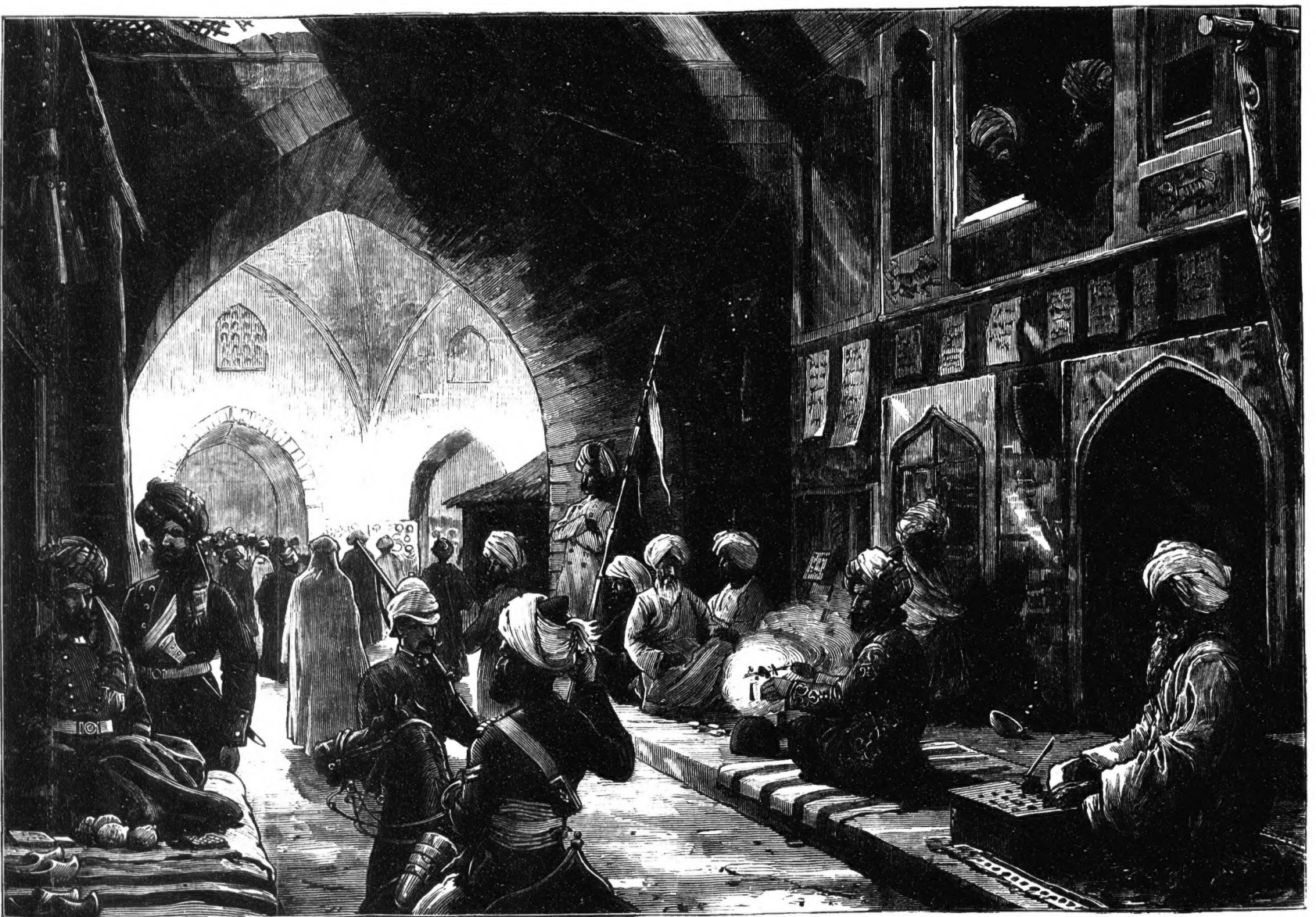
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THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—A REGATTA OFF PALERMO



AFGHANISTAN—ENTRANCE TO THE CHARSU, CANDAHAR

Topics of the Week

AT CANDAHAR.—General Roberts and his ten thousand brave men deserve our hearty congratulations for their swift and successful march of upwards of three hundred miles through a hostile country, and under a burning sun. It is to be hoped that this dashing exploit will in itself help to efface the impression made upon the supporters of Ayooob Khan by their victory at Khushk-y-Nakhud, a disaster which was distinctly due to the rash desire of the present Government to quit Afghanistan as soon as possible. It is not unlikely that, before these lines appear in print, news of a great battle may have been announced. This is, of course, what our troops, burning to avenge the recent defeat, would prefer, but the enemy in such cases is not always equally ready to accommodate his opponent with a pitched battle. Ayooob's proffered negotiations may only be intended to gain time, or to disguise his subsequent proceedings; but he may honestly hesitate to pit himself against the various columns now arrayed against him. Supposing, therefore, that he distrusts the risk of such an encounter, he may retire towards Herat, or strike up the Argandab River. Should either of these latter contingencies occur, the decision of the campaign must necessarily be delayed.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—A good many people who view with disfavour the steady advance of democracy in this country are well pleased that there still exists a body of men who can exercise legislative functions without appealing to the public for their suffrages. The M.P. of the Lower House is often nervously anxious as to what his constituents will think—the word “constituents” in this case often meaning a knot of political busybodies in the town which sent him to Westminster. The conscientious Peer, on the other hand, is able, owing to his independent position, to ask himself what the nation, as a whole, will think of his vote or his speech on a particular question. For this reason Bills are frequently discussed in the Upper House with a breadth and a freedom from party spirit which are often wanting in the Lower; while we have observed that the poor man, if his rights and enjoyments are in danger of being interfered with, is more likely to find advocates in the Lords than in the Commons. Yet, in spite of all that may be said in its favour, it must be confessed that the House of Lords only possesses the shadow of power at the present time. It certainly dared to throw out the Irish Disturbance Bill, but in so doing it carried with it the sympathy not only of the Tories but also of the Moderate Liberals. Lord Beaconsfield, an astute observer, advises his comrades to persevere in this cautious policy, to avoid collisions with the Commons as much as possible, and to reserve determined opposition for matters of national importance. This degree of self-control, however, which, by the way, has not been maintained with regard to the Irish Registration Bill, is not likely to satisfy the Radicals, who are only inclined to tolerate the House of Lords on condition that it reduces itself to entire impotence. As we value the Upper House, and should be sorry to see it brought down to this ignoble position, it is worth asking the question whether its strength would not be increased by submission to an elective process. Upper Chambers have not been very successful in the colonies, but there is no class there corresponding to our Peers. If every Peer had to undergo election, some of the advantages above enumerated would undoubtedly be lost, but, on the other hand, the House would command an authority which it does not command at present; and its powers would be still further strengthened, if, in certain cases, commoners were admitted to its ranks, being *ex officio* presented with life-peeerages. Judging by the rapid strides which democracy is making, unless some concession of this sort is adopted, the House of Lords in its present form will scarcely outlive the century.

IRISH TROUBLES.—The Irish members will at least have the consolation, in returning to Ireland, that their country has occupied a vast amount of attention during the present session. Since the settlement of the wretched dispute about Mr. Bradlaugh Irish questions have absorbed the interest of Parliament. Comparatively little has been heard of our difficulties in the East; and such measures as the Employers' Liability Bill and the Ground Game Bill, although they have been adequately discussed, have not been debated with passion. Ireland, however, has been the subject of scores of animated speeches, and there is hardly an aspect of its troubles which has not again and again been commented upon. Much light ought to have been thrown on the matter by all this talk, yet we fear most English politicians are as vague in their notions of what ought to be done as they were six months ago. So many counsels are given, and each is so completely contradictory of the rest, that most people are confused, and unable to say what course they would themselves approve. One thing alone seems to be fairly established, and that is that English statesmen do incalculable harm to Ireland by encouraging hopes which can never be realised. It has now been put beyond question that England will not concede Home Rule; but the same decisive language is not used with respect to the land question. Several of our leading statesmen have repeatedly talked of late about

“Justice to Ireland” in a manner which has excited the wildest anticipations in the minds of many of the peasantry. If the establishment of a peasant proprietary were possible, such talk would at any rate be excusable. But if it is not possible, or if there is no known scheme which shows it to be possible, it is mere cruelty to awaken illusory expectations. Many of our difficulties would be overcome if it could be plainly stated what concessions may be, and what concessions cannot be, made. Parliament would then be in a position to give adequate attention to really practical proposals.

THE AMERICAN LUGGAGE SYSTEM.—Our Transatlantic cousins occasionally indulge in bragging, and it is one of the axioms of their patriotic creed that as President and Congress are superior to Queen and Parliament, so the American baggage system (they don't use the word “luggage”) beats ours. Indeed, we scarcely ever met an American in a railway carriage who did not wax eloquent on this latter topic. The American system certainly sounds attractive. You are at a hotel in New York, you have some ladies with you, and consequently a mountain of luggage, and you want to go to a hotel at Chicago, nearly a thousand miles away. Concerning your luggage you need have no trouble. A brass check is handed to you bearing a certain number; similar numbers are fastened on to your trunks, and when you get to your hotel on the shores of Lake Michigan, your *impedimenta* (which thus cease to be *impedimenta*) are brought to you soon after arrival. The English system on the other hand, is no system at all, to judge from the crowd which, when a train comes in at Euston or Paddington, madly seethes round a Mont Blanc of packages. But the mountain gradually melts away, being carried off piecemeal in innumerable vehicles. There is, of course, a risk that felonious persons may drive off with goods not their own, but this mischance is comparatively rare. After all, we suspect that each country is best suited with its own system. In America the distances are very great, and the prices of hackney carriages are so high as to be quite prohibitory to moderate people. In England flies and cabs are fairly cheap. It is not likely that the railway companies would willingly undertake such a vast addition to their existing responsibilities; and most railway travellers arriving in our large cities would prefer taking a cab to their destination, and getting all the business over at once, rather than wait some hours with nothing bigger than a hand-bag to satisfy their desire for a change of apparel.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.—The combined fleet is now on its way to Ragusa, and there can be little doubt that after “demonstrating” in favour of the claims of Montenegro it will proceed to do the same on behalf of Greece. The question of the hour, therefore, is whether the two demonstrations are likely to lead to a satisfactory result. So far as the Porte is concerned, it becomes more and more probable that the idea of serious resistance to the will of Europe will be abandoned. The Turkish Government knows that if the Powers are really united their decision must be accepted; and it has now excellent reasons for believing that on the questions which relate to Greece and Montenegro they have arrived at an unalterable policy. Probably, therefore, the chief difficulty will be the obstinacy of the Albanians, who seem to be as unwilling to submit to the dictation of the Sultan as to that of any other Sovereign. It is not, of course, impossible that even if they quietly yield peace may be threatened in some other quarter. For months threatening agitations have been carried on in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia; and it is beyond doubt that they have been stimulated by Russia. There is, however, a strong inclination throughout Europe to believe that the danger will be averted. If this hope is realised, England can hardly take credit for the result; for Liberal statesmen have often encouraged the elements of disturbance in European Turkey by vague talk about the rights of nationalities. Any check which may be imposed upon the designs of Russia and the little States she patronises will come, not from London, but from Berlin and Vienna.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.—Our method of governing Ireland is of a very anomalous character. The machinery of despotism is there seen working side by side with the machinery of almost unlimited freedom. This discordancy is much more perceptible now that the wishes of the Irish masses are heard—as we presume they are heard—through the voices of their Parliamentary representatives, than in the days of fifty years ago, when the Roman Catholic peasantry had none but Protestant spokesmen to speak for them officially. If the amount of time which they occupy in Parliament be a test of power (and it would seem to be a very practical test), the Irish people are, in proportion to their numbers, very adequately represented in the Imperial Parliament. Then the Press is so free from Governmental control that a quantity of matter which in most other countries would be regarded as seditious is every week circulated with impunity, the most outspoken specimens of it being manufactured in and imported from the United States. These phenomena appear to indicate a country as free as England or Scotland. But, regarding the government of Ireland from another aspect it will be seen that we still treat that island in some respects as a Crown Colony. John Bull suffers the Irish newspapers to abuse him, and the Irish M.P.'s to waste the time which he would like to devote

to his own affairs; but he takes care to keep a garrison of between twenty and thirty thousand soldiers in Ireland, and he supplements this force with a splendid body of Constabulary raised in the country, who are called policemen, but who are practically soldiers. In the recent debate the House of Commons seemed to feel this anomaly, and the retention of the Constabulary was very faintly and apologetically defended by English members when its abolition was demanded by the Home Rulers. We fully agree with Mr. Parnell that if the Constabulary were abolished there would be no need to reform the land laws. If once the garrison were withdrawn—for we presume that the abolition of the Constabulary would involve the removal of the Regulars—it is very doubtful whether over a large part of the island any landlord of alien creed and lineage would venture to ask for any rent at all. Indeed, remembering the bloodthirsty cries which are heard at nearly every land meeting concerning his class, he might think it advisable to cross the Channel to avoid a modern repetition of 1641. Considering the mischief which the new Government have already wrought in Ireland by their subservience to unscrupulous agitators, and their ill-considered attempts at legislation, we may feel thankful that they have not yet decided to abolish the Constabulary.

FRANCE AND THE CONGREGATIONS.—The decrees against the Jesuits having been finally executed, it remains to be seen what steps the French Government will take with respect to the non-authorised Congregations. These bodies did not apply for authorisation at the proper time, but they have now drawn up a declaration in which they express their willingness to recognise the supremacy of the Republic. M. de Freycinet is prepared to accept this declaration as adequate, but M. Gambetta has not yet indicated whether he is of an equally conciliatory temper. The Radicals clamour against the congregations, and in this case the *République Française* cordially accepts the Radical point of view. If this journal expresses M. Gambetta's intentions, there can be little doubt that the Congregations will be subjected to the same sort of treatment as the Jesuits, and that M. de Freycinet will have either to retract his promises or to resign. M. Gambetta is probably strongly tempted to take the harsher view of his duty; for by doing so he might recover his popularity among the extreme Republicans, and he would certainly not do violence to his own convictions. There are, however, few Englishmen of any party who do not hope that he may use his vast power for the purpose of restraining rather than of encouraging the anti-clerical impulses of his followers. No one really believes that the Congregations are dangerous or mischievous bodies. Their members, as they themselves assert in their declaration, are mainly devoted to “works of prayer, charity, and instruction.” To attack such institutions would be to violate the first principles of freedom, and it would have the effect of alienating from the Republic many sincere minds whose support might easily be secured by a moderate system of government.

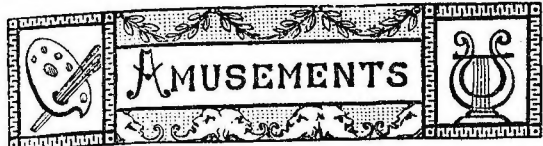
BALLOON RACING.—Of all European nations the French take the lead as balloonists, and owing to their courage and ingenuity in the use of these machines Paris was not altogether cut off from the outer world during the German siege of 1870. It seems likely that, in the wars of the future, balloons, as convenient towers of observation, will be found of more practical use than heretofore; but, regarding the balloon as a travelling apparatus, it does not seem, in spite of the researches of ourselves and our neighbours, that (like the farmer with the Squire's claret) we have “got any forrarder” since the days when Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher first made their memorable ascents. The races which are to come off this day (Saturday) will doubtless attract the attention both of scientific men and of the public, and it is possible that gradually some trustworthy facts may be accumulated concerning the direction of the air currents at different altitudes. Unless that can be achieved, and unless it can be clearly shown that certain currents of air will be always found at certain heights (a most unlikely thing), balloons will be useless as travelling machines. It by no means follows from this that the art of flying is undiscoverable. Considering, however, the unwieldiness of the balloon and its liability to accident, the problem of aeronautics will probably be solved in some entirely different direction.

WOMEN AND COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.—Mr. Fawcett has announced that the system of competitive examinations is about to be applied to the appointments to female clerkships in the Savings Bank and other departments of the Post Office. A vast number of women are at present on the outlook for employment, so that if no precautions were taken the candidates for these posts would be greatly in excess of the vacancies. To meet this difficulty Mr. Fawcett proposes that only such women shall be allowed to compete as have passed some other examination, perhaps a University local examination. There can be no doubt that this is the first step towards the extension of the examination system to all the kinds of public employment for which women may hope to become candidates. The prospect is not altogether agreeable. It must be admitted that for the lower branches of the Government service the competitive service is inevitable. It would in these days be intolerable that posts for which the nation pays should be at the disposal of party politicians, and it is hardly conceivable that there should

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ever be a return to the old system of patronage. There is however, another side to the question, and it would be foolish not to recognise it. The present plan compels young lads to devote far more time to study than is, in the majority of cases, good for health; and it has had the effect of developing a method of cram which is absolutely fatal to real culture. If these results manifest themselves in young men they are likely to be even more prominent in young women, who work with an ardour and determination that are seldom displayed by the other sex, and have not so many resources for physical recreation.

NOTICE.—Next week will be published AN EXTRA FOUR-PAGE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, *Illustrative and Descriptive of VENICE*, by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.—The Half Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 232 and 241.



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—PROMENADE
CONCERTS.—Under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening. Doors open 7.30; commence at 8. Conductor, Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN, assisted by Mr. A. BURNETT. Orchestra of 100 performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 4s. 4s. Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s.; Promenade, 1s. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET—REGATTA OFF PALERMO

THIS regatta took place on the 17th ult. There were in all eighteen different races, but the one of the day was the All Comers' Race, which is shown in our engraving from a sketch by an officer on board the *Monarch*. About sixteen or seventeen boats started, chiefly the large boats of the fleet, and in some of them there were quite one hundred men, the oars being "three-banked," that is, three men on one oar. Consequently, in two or three of the boats as many as fifty men were pulling. What with the bands of the various ships in their respective boats, and the shouts of the rowers encouraging each other, there was plenty of noise. Altogether there were some five or six hundred men in the race. The scene was very animated, as the people of Palermo lined the shore to witness the spectacle, and dozens of boats put off filled with spectators. The *Monarch* was the lucky ship of the day, carrying off nearly all the first prizes.

ENTRANCE TO THE CHIARU, CANDAHAR

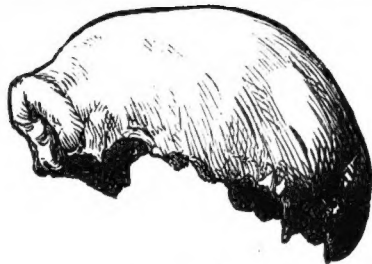
THIS engraving is from a sketch by Lieut. Charles Pulley, of the 3rd Goorkas, to whom we are also indebted for the following description:—"The Chiaru is a four-sided vaulted domed space opening out from the four main streets, and which, with the exception of the one which takes one to the Citadel, are named from the Gates to which they lead. That leading to the Citadel, the Shahi Bazaar, is partly covered in, and very narrow in places. All the streets are lined with shops and present, during the day, a very lively appearance, being crowded with a motley throng of Cabulees, Afghans, Pathans, Persians, and Hindustanis, with a good sprinkling of soldiers, European and native, of the Candahar Garrison, and the 'Sahiblogue' in quest of the useful 'or the curious.' A brisk trade appears to be done by the merchants, who are mostly Hindus. The principal commodities for sale are silks, skins, brocades, cotton, calico, cloth, cutlery of all descriptions, and the usual heterogeneous mass of odds and ends one finds in the Indian boxwallah's collection—swords, daggers, guns, gold and silver embroidery, fruit of all kinds, pomegranates, figs, plums, apricots, melons, almonds, grapes, and Eastern confectionery. Altogether the scene is a novel one and characteristic in many ways."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SWANSEA

IT is thirty-two years since the British Association paid its last visit to Swansea, and during that period the town has been enormously improved and the population has risen from 30,000 to 60,000. It is a thriving centre of industry and commerce, and though it is not in itself beautiful, it is situated in a district which affords much picturesque scenery. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the pleasure-seeking portion of the visitors should have spent more time in exploring the surrounding country than in attendance upon the somewhat wearisome Sectional Meetings, the mere catalogue of which is appalling to an ordinary mind, especially in such tropical weather as we are now blessed with.

The Music Hall in which the general meetings were held is a large room absolutely destitute of any ornamentation or decoration. It will hold 2,300 people, but not half that number assembled to hear the inaugural address of the President, a synopsis of which we printed last week. Professor Ramsay is a well-known scientist who has spent half a century in the study of geology, and his masterly exposition was listened to with rapt attention, and at its close the thanks of the meeting were warmly accorded on the suggestion of Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P. There are few public rooms in the town, but plenty of chapels belonging to various religious denominations, and these were with commendable liberality placed at the disposal of the Committee for the purposes of the Sectional Meetings. Saturday was mainly devoted to excursions, one of the places visited being the estate of Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P., at Gower, where a supposed tumulus was opened, but turned out to be merely a gravel heap. The visitors were, however, compensated for the disappointment by a sight of a real "barrow" discovered near by in 1869, Mr. Vivian giving a short historical description of it on the spot. Another party of excursionists visited the dockyard at Pembroke, and lunched on board the *Great Eastern*, while at St. David's the Dean met the visitors and conducted them over the cathedral. On Monday the sectional work was resumed, and in the evening Mr. Francis Galton delivered an address in the music hall on "Mental Imagery." At the general meeting Sir J. Lubbock was elected president for next year, when the meeting will be held at York. The meeting for 1882 will be held at Southampton, which was selected by a majority of five votes over Southport. On Friday last week some excitement was created by the arrival of Professor Schaffhausen from Rome with the famous Neanderthal skull, of which we give an engraving. This precious relic was exhibited in the Anthropological Section by the Professor himself, who in a short

speech described the physical features of the Rhine Valley, and the exact spot, between Düsseldorf and Elberfeld, where it was found in 1857. He spoke also of the "volumes" that had been written about it



by Buck, Huxley, Barnard, Davis, and others. Professor Rolleston then took the skull lovingly, and announced his unhesitating concurrence with the German professor that the skull, exhibiting though it did such low development, was not that of an ape, nor of an idiot, but that of a savage man about fifty years of age, with small brain no doubt, but evidently perfectly well able to hold his own in the struggle for existence. He was a man, and not "the missing link." The peculiarities of the skull noted by Professor Rolleston were its thickness and the great swellings and bosses in the front. Had these frontal sinuses been found apart from the rest of the skull, he would have been a bold man who would have asserted them to be human. No one else took up the subject, except Mr. Rudler, the President of the Anthropological Department, who expressed the thanks of the persons present to



Professor Schaffhausen. The imaginary portrait of the owner of such a skull as that which had been exhibited was handed round for general inspection, and of this we also give an engraving.

The work of the Association came to an end on Wednesday with a general meeting, at which votes of thanks were passed to the President and other officers, and to the local secretaries, for their exertions in arranging for the visit. The number of Members and Associates was reported as 915, and though the receipts only amounted to 899l., it was resolved to spend 1,010l. in grants for scientific purposes.

THE KELLY GANG OF BUSHRANGERS

BUSHRANGING has never been thoroughly extinguished in the Australian Colonies since the old days when the bulk of the inhabitants were prisoners or ex-prisoners. It underwent a considerable revival during the early period of the gold-discoveries, when society was temporarily in a state of dislocation, and when reckless and criminal characters flocked into the country from all parts. Since then bushranging, though sometimes apparently extinct, has from time to time come to life in a very disquieting fashion, its chief habitat being the rough mountainous border country on the eastern frontiers of New South Wales and Victoria. In that region a population has grown up, some of whom though called "free selectors," and ostensibly farmers, are more inclined to live by "lifting" the sheep and cattle of the neighbouring squatters than by honest labour, and among these people the Kelly gang of bushrangers, the most notorious which have haunted the country for many years past, has, partly from motives of fear, partly from downright sympathy and self-interest, found aid and shelter.

Some months ago, it will be remembered that this gang of desperadoes made an onslaught on a little border town named Jerilderie, imprisoning the principal inhabitants and plundering the bank. It was on this occasion that they shot the policemen who were sent to arrest them, and were in consequence proclaimed outlaws. Nothing was heard of them till the night of June 26th last, when a party of them went to the hut of a man named Aaron Sherritt, and shot him dead. Revenge was doubtless the motive for this fresh crime, as Sherritt, formerly an associate of the outlaws, had recently given important information of their movements to the police. The news of this tragedy was telegraphed to Melbourne, and a special train was sent with a picked body of constables to effect the robbers' capture. The outlaws resolved on making a desperate resistance. They descended on Glenrowan, a little township between Benalla and Wangaratta, imprisoned the inhabitants in the "hotel" there (every bush-shanty where liquors are sold is a hotel), compelled two platelayers to tear up the railway line beyond Glenrowan, in hopes of wrecking the approaching train, and then prepared for a siege. The police were wary, and took care to leave the train before the damaged portion of the line was reached. The siege of the improvised fortress then began, and was maintained for several hours, a brisk fire being kept up between the police and the outlaws. The imprisoned inhabitants of Glenrowan were meanwhile in a most painful position. At length at 10 A.M. they were suffered to leave the hotel, but not before one of their number was killed (it is reported intentionally, for refusing to comply with some demand of the bushrangers) and several wounded. The contest was maintained till 3 P.M., when the building was set on fire by the besieging force, and the dead bodies of Byrne, Dan Kelly, and Hart were found in it. Edward Kelly had been previously wounded while endeavouring to return to the hotel, which he had quitted for a while. He was secured and conveyed to Melbourne, and is said to be recovering from his wounds. One of the most peculiar features of the case is that the robbers had provided themselves with armour made out of ploughs, which weighed about 97lbs. per man, and which proved for a time very effective. When one of the constables saw Edward Kelly approaching in this singular guise, he thought he was madman come to take part in the siege, while others declared that he was the devil, or the bunyip, a fabulous creature supposed to haunt the interior of the country. The *Melbourne Argus* recommends that instead of middle-aged constables, weighed down by family ties, a force of young, lithe, dare-devil bushmen should be raised, inasmuch as "the Kelly country will require garrisoning like a district in a state of siege for years to come, unless it is to be allowed to travel the rest of the way towards barbarism."

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. George R. Ashton, of the *Melbourne Age*, who arrived on the scene just after the capture.



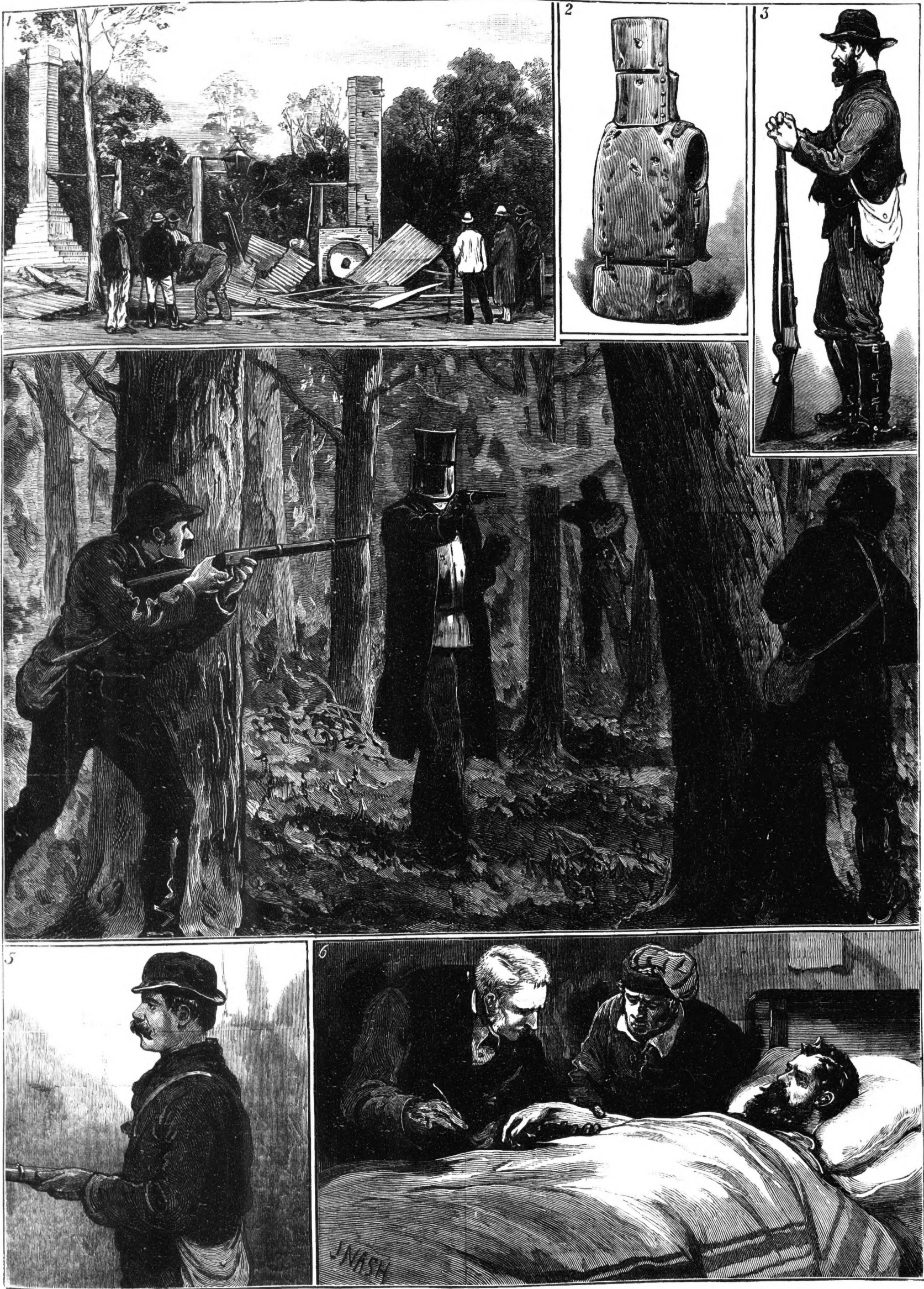
RECEPTION OF MEMBERS IN THE PAVILION BY THE MAYOR AND LOCAL SECRETARIES



Professor Günther, President of the Biological Section Professor Ramsay, President
Professor A. Williamson, General Treasurer Dr. Alliman, Retiring President
Capt. Douglas Galton, General Secretary J. P. Jenkins, Esq., Mayor of Swansea Dr. P. L. Selater, General Secretary
James Strick, Esq., Local Hon. Sec
J. E. H. Gordon, Assist. General Secretary
Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P., Glamorgan

PROFESSOR RAMSAY DELIVERING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS IN THE MUSIC HALL

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SWANSEA



1. Ruins of Jones's Hotel, Glenrowan, where the Outlaws were Besieged by the Police.—2. Ned Kelly's Suit of Armour.—3. Policeman in Bush Costume.—4. Ned Kelly at Bay.—5. A Black Tracker.—6. Ned Kelly in the Gaol Hospital at Melbourne.

CAPTURE OF THE KELLY GANG OF AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGERS

THE BELGIAN JUBILEE

THE Grand Patriotic Fête took place at Brussels on August 16. At noon the surviving members of the Provisional Government and Congress of 1830 were solemnly received at the Parliament House by the Senate and Chamber of Representatives. They then marched to the Exhibition Building, the galleries of which were thronged with spectators. The surviving veterans of the Revolution, with the flags of the period, many riddled with shot, were received with deafening cheers. At one o'clock the King and Queen, the Count and Countess of Flanders, the Princess Stéphanie, and the other Royal children arrived. Addresses were then read by various public functionaries, and especially by the Mayor of Brussels, in the name of the Municipalities of the kingdom. To these the King made a suitable reply, and the representatives of the Guilds and Corporations marched past with their banners. The sun was shining brilliantly, the building had been specially decorated, and the general effect, says our artist, was extremely fine.

But the crowning attraction of the Jubilee was the Historical Cavalcade on the 18th of August. Says the correspondent of the *Standard*:—"The quaint music, the martial banners, the panoplied array of knights and squires, the chargers pacing proudly under their housings of cloth of gold, or arching their necks under armour glittering like silver, the laurel-crowned maidens with embroidered jackets and trailing skirts of velvet or silk, all these formed a spectacle to dazzle at the moment, and to leave a permanent impression on the memory." Our artist's drawing represents the moment when the car of Leopold I., supplied by the Province of Brabant, stopped before the Royal palace. The musicians and the patriots who sang the national hymn, "La Brabançonne," were all accurately dressed in the costume of 1830. The car itself was very beautiful. There were four chafing dishes with incense burning on them, a patriot upholding a banner, a number of gilt statues, while the wheels were hidden by silken draperies. Then came the car of Agriculture, of Beer, the Belgian national beverage, of Industry, of the manufacture of arms, representing the city of Liège, and lastly, the car representative of Belgium, the most beautiful next to that of Leopold I. A correspondent writes:—"The future, and not the present, Lord Mayor ought to have come here in order to gain a hint or two for his November Show. The English police also might learn a lesson from their Brussels brethren. The streets were densely crowded up to about a hundred feet of the van of the procession, when six mounted, and about as many unmounted, police forced their way wedgewise through the centre, and cleared a passage in a few moments with all gentleness and good-humour. Once cleared, the passage was maintained by the procession itself. It is true that the crowd also was highly good humoured, there being no horseplay nor undue pushing or hustling anywhere."

The character sketches from Antwerp and Ostend need little or no explanation. They show the remains of distinctive costumes, which are still to be seen on fête days, but which are gradually disappearing under the monotonous uniformity induced by perpetual international intercourse. In the wedding party three generations are visible, the roystering soldiers represent the various branches of the service, while the devout beggar-woman is a familiar sight at church portals.

ROUMANIAN CARICATURES

OUR friends the Roumanians, now that they are fully and finally emancipated from the sway of the Sultan, are quite capable of joking concerning any phase of the Eastern Question which appears to lend itself to jocose treatment. The Naval Demonstration certainly appears to be one of these incidents, for there is something decidedly ludicrous in the idea of the Great Powers of Europe, all more or less suspicious and jealous of each other, contributing a ship apiece to make a squadron for the purpose of terrifying the Sultan into submission to the demands of the Berlin Conference. But when it is remembered that our late Premier solemnly avowed that the assumption by our Queen of the title of Empress was calculated to strike the Russians with salutary awe, perhaps these sort of demonstrations are less childish than they seem to be.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

THIS gathering, the first of its kind which has ever taken place in Scotland, was held last week at Hawick, the Association having been invited by the South of Scotland Chamber of Commerce. The delegates, about 150 in number, met in the Temperance Hall, under the presidency of Mr. J. Whitwell, M.P., and were welcomed by the Provost of the burgh and Mr. Murray, of Glenmayne, the President of the South of Scotland Chamber. The proceedings extended over four days, during which an immense variety of subjects of manufacturing or commercial importance were discussed, and visits were made to the many centres of industry in the district. In the evening of the first day the delegates were entertained at a banquet given in the Hawick Exchange by the South of Scotland Chamber.—Our engraving, which represents the opening meeting of the Session, is from a sketch by Mr. R. Ross.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

The NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 233.

SWIMMING À LA MODE

A GOOD many of our fair readers, who have first of all to take a long journey to the seaside in order to bathe at all, and then have to sit for hours on the steps of the bathing machines patiently awaiting their turn, will feel rather envious of the nymphs in our picture, since they appear to have got hold of a delightfully sequestered pool or river all to themselves, with apparently no apprehension of prying eyes, and no duenna to raise objections on the score of propriety. In fact, we are transferred, in imagination, to the Golden Age, and as, while we write, the thermometer is close upon 80 deg., we too wish we belonged to the company of these Naiades.

MR. LEPEL GRIFFIN AND SIRDAR MAHOMED AFZUL

SOME account of the career and services of Mr. Lepel Griffin, C.S.I., who became our chief political officer in Afghanistan after the assassination of Sir Louis Cavagnari, appeared in *The Graphic* for Aug. 21, when we published a portrait group of him and his staff of assistants. Sirdar Mahomed Afzul Khan, who, during our recent negotiations with Abdurrahman Khan, was employed by him as a confidential messenger, is a brother of Mahomed Jan, whom he has recently rejoined, it being supposed by some that they both intend to join Ayoub Khan, and by others that they would give their support to Moosa Khan.—Our portraits of Mr. Lepel Griffin and Mahomed Afzul Khan are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Sheppard, Simla.

THE LATE LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

THIS venerable and renowned diplomatist, who has just died at the great age of ninety-one, was the youngest son of Mr. Stratford Canning, who came from Garvagh in Ireland, but became a merchant in the City of London, where the subject of this memoir was born. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and, after serving a short time as a Foreign Office clerk, was induced to join the Diplomatic Service by his illustrious cousin, George Canning, whose influence proved of great service to him in the earlier stages of his career. In 1808 he was sent on a special mission, under Sir Robert Adair, to Constantinople, and became Secretary to the Embassy there. In 1814 he was made Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland, and took

part in the formation of the Helvetic Confederation. In the following year he attended the Congress of Vienna, and was afterwards successively employed in conducting various important negotiations with the United States, with Russia, and with Turkey. Sir Stratford Canning was first returned to Parliament as member for Old Sarum in 1828, and afterwards represented Stockbridge, Hants, and King's Lynn, which seat he held until 1841, when he succeeded Lord Ponsonby as Ambassador at Constantinople—a post which he continued to hold for a period of twenty years, under several different Ministries of opposite politics, who were all in a great measure guided by the advice which his long experience and acute ability enabled him to tender. He is credited with having exercised, and for the most part for good, an unparalleled influence in the Councils of the Porte, mainly because of the confidence reposed in him by the then Sultan, Abdul Medjid. In 1852 Sir Stratford was raised to the Peerage, choosing the title of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe in order to assert his relationship to the pious and munificent William Canning, or Canynge, who in the reign of Edward IV. founded or completed the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol. Lord Stratford, who was twice married, had three daughters, but only one son, who died in 1878, so that the title becomes extinct. The late Viscount was the author of a volume of poetry, two small works of a religious character, "Why I am a Christian," and "The Greatest of all Miracles," and a drama founded on an incident in the life of King Alfred. He also occasionally contributed articles on political and other subjects to periodicals. His last poetical composition was a poem on the disaster of Isandlwana.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 55, Cheapside.

WITH A TRANSPORT TRAIN

THESE engravings, which are from sketches by Lieut. G. D. Giles, of the Bombay Staff Corps, depict incidents of the march of a Transport Train on the road to Quetta. First we have a long line of laden camels crossing the "put," or desert, a weary journey both for man and beast. In No. 2, a luckless soldier or camp-follower, who has been detected in the act of appropriating some of the stores to his own private use, is receiving the reward of his misdeed in the presence of his officers and comrades. No. 3 is an animated and exciting chase after a runaway camel, which has broken its halter and is making its way across the "put" in an entirely different direction to that in which it is required to go; and the last sketch shows the Train at rest after the march.



THE PROLOGUE OF PARLIAMENT, it is hoped and expected, will take place on Monday next. On Wednesday last the Ministerial whitebait dinner took place at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, most of the members of the Government going down and returning by water.

A CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE, it is said, will be held in October in London, under the auspices of Earl Beaconsfield and Members of the late Administration, the object being to sketch out a general plan of action for the various constituencies throughout the country.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CRUISE.—On Thursday last week the Prime Minister, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone and several other members of his family, started from Gravesend in Mr. Donald Currie's fine steam vessel, the *Grantully Castle*, for his projected cruise round the coast. The course taken was round the south coast; but a Channel fog prevented the passage through the Solent, with the object of picking up Mr. Tennyson at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. The places touched at were the following, in the order given, but no lengthened stay was made at any one of them:—Portland, Torquay, Dartmouth, Falmouth, and Kingstown (Dublin), where Mr. Gladstone attended church on Sunday, and was welcomed on landing by working men, priests, and railway porters with the cry, "You are a friend to Ireland." Evening service was conducted on board by the Rev. S. Gladstone, the Prime Minister himself reading the lessons, and at nightfall the vessel was again on her way northwards, the next port being Greenock. Here he was again warmly received, and made a short speech in reply to congratulations offered by a deputation from the local Liberal Association. From Greenock the *Grantully Castle* made her way to Oban (the picturesque scenery *en voyage* being seen to great advantage), and afterwards to Coolin in Skye, where Mr. Gladstone and his friends went ashore, and on returning to the vessel encouraged the boat's crew by leading in the song of "Row, Brothers, row." On Wednesday the *Grantully Castle* while in Salen Bay was joined by the steamer *Berlin*, with Mr. James Currie on board. This vessel, after leaving letters, returned to Oban with despatches from the Premier, and some of his fellow travellers, and the *Grantully Castle* proceeded on her voyage round the North of Scotland, the intention being to return by the East coast, and to reach London to-day (Saturday). The Premier's health progresses favourably, he is in excellent spirits, and has enjoyed the voyage immensely. Mrs. Gladstone, who has so devotedly nursed her husband, has also much benefited by the change.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, Mr. W. P. Adam, M.P., the Liberal Whip, is to succeed the Duke of Buckingham as Governor of Madras. The appointment creates a vacancy in the Ministry, that of First Commissioner of Works, and also in the Parliamentary representation of Clackmannan. On Tuesday last Mr. Adam was presented with a testimonial consisting of portraits of himself and Mrs. Adam, and a service of plate, subscribed for by his political friends, as a mark of their appreciation of his services to the Liberal party. The presentation was made in one of the Committee Rooms of the House by Sir C. Forster, M.P., and Lieutenant-Colonel Carington, M.P., on behalf of the Testimonial Committee.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—There has been a noticeable decline in the vehemence of the speeches at the land meetings, but the language used is still sufficiently violent, the landlords' titles being spoken of as the result of "conquest and confiscation," and the House of Lords being "frequently cursed." The *Cork Constitution* announces a projected attack upon the garrison at Ballincollig, with the object of robbing the gunpowder mills there, and says that the plot only failed because the conspirators "had a Judas amongst them."—Mr. O'Neil Daunt, one of O'Connell's coadjutors during the Repeal agitation, has written a remarkable letter condemning the Land League scheme of a peasant proprietary, and The O'Donoghue, M.P., writing on the subject of the Land Commission, advises the farmers to give evidence before it, telling them that it will speak for itself, no matter what the report may be. The sittings of the Commissioners are to be private, and it will be left to each witness to say how much of his evidence shall be published, and whether his identity shall be revealed. Several fresh agrarian outrages are reported, one being a fratricidal murder at Woodford, near Galway. Two men named Phelan have been committed for trial for the murder of Mr. Boyd, and Breen, the principal witness against them, is kept in custody for the protection of his life, and to prevent his being tampered with.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—To-morrow (Sunday) a "demonstration," organised by the Home Rule Confederation, is to be held in Hyde Park, to protest against the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Processions will march from all parts of the metropolis, and combine at Trafalgar Square, and the Irish from the East End will, it is stated, make "an imposing show."

NEW KNIGHTS.—Her Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr. Rupert Kettle for his services in promoting arbitration between employer and employed; on Mr. L. S. Jackson, on his retirement from an Indian Judgeship; and on Dr. E. B. Sinclair, for services in training nurses for the army.

THE HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND is to be collected to-day. Three hundred ladies have volunteered to aid the Council by taking charge of boxes in different parts of the Metropolis.

A REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS, in celebration of the "coming of age" of the Volunteer Force of the United Kingdom, was held at York on Saturday, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. About 10,000 Volunteers attended the parade, and were inspected by Major-General Willis, C.B., who, at the close of the manoeuvres, made a speech to the men, complimenting them on the efficiency which they had attained, and suggesting means by which still greater excellence might be acquired. The heat was very great, and numbers of the men had to fall out of the ranks.

THE BALLOON SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—To-day (Saturday) an interesting and novel balloon contest, arranged for by this Society, will take place, the race being against time, and simultaneous ascents being made from the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, Lillie Bridge, Wormwood Scrubs, Epping Forest, the "Welsh Harp," Hendon, Kensal Green, and the Clapham Rink. The Society gives a silver medal to the aeronaut who travels farthest in an hour and a half, and Mr. John Hampden offers a premium of 25l. "if any positive evidence of the earth's curvature can be seen and unmistakeably demonstrated" by any of the voyagers.

AMSTERDAM ISLAND has been visited by H.M.S. *Raleigh*, by order of the Admiralty, in consequence of the belief that some shipwrecked persons might be found there. The *Raleigh* arrived on May 27, but found no human being there. Some traces of recent habitation which were discovered are attributed to fishermen who, it is supposed, periodically visit the island.

MEDICAL WOMEN.—Miss Fanny Butler, a distinguished student of the Henrietta Street School of Medicine for Ladies, has just passed her final examination at the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, and, being duly received, is about to go out to India as a Medical Missionary. Miss Edith Shore, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Henrietta Street School, passed in the First Division at the last examination for the first M.B. degree of London University. She is the young lady who, in 1877, applied to the University for permission to be examined for a degree, and so led to all degrees at the London University being opened to women.

THE INSTITUT DE DROIT INTERNATIONAL will next week hold a Conference at Oxford on International Law; and honorary degrees of the University will be conferred upon the four members who have held the office of President of the Society.



UP to almost the last hours of the phenomenally extended Session both Houses of Parliament have shown considerable vitality. Emulous of the fame of its predecessor, the new Parliament has already had its all-night sitting. The earlier feat of this particular sort of legislation was more striking, first by reason of its novelty, and secondly because, running into the Wednesday, it extended up to the statutory six o'clock. But actually the feat which made memorable the close of last week was more remarkable. Between Thursday and Saturday morning the House sat, with intervals of one hour and two hours, for nearly a day and a-half, the precise computation being thirty-five hours. It met at four o'clock on Thursday, and sat uninterruptedly till one o'clock on Friday. The ordinary morning sitting on Friday commenced at two o'clock, at which hour the Speaker punctually took the chair. The sitting lasted till three o'clock the following morning, with the usual interval of two hours marking the space between the morning and evening sittings. This was sufficient of itself. But the performance reaches that point which Mr. Tracy Turnerelli has described as "never-before-exemplified" when we add to the account the hours of Saturday. Having adjourned at three o'clock on Saturday morning, the House met again at noon, and remained in Session till midnight, thus sitting forty-seven hours of the fifty-six that strike between four o'clock on Thursday afternoon and midnight on Saturday. There is nothing like this in the annals of any Parliament, and the new members are naturally proud of their powers of endurance.

The fight, which can scarcely be said to have "ragged" throughout the night watches between Thursday and Friday, was of course all about the Irish members. Even before approaching the consideration of the Constabulary Vote these gentlemen decided in their own minds that it might be disposed of only in two nights. This was a method of procedure against which Ministers naturally protested. If a debate, growing by what it feeds upon, cannot be concluded on the night on which it started, it is reasonable to propose an adjournment, and this is not unfrequently done. But to start at the outset with the determination of talking through two nights is a practice which those having charge of the business of the House obviously cannot be expected to encourage. It was resisted accordingly, and hence the all-night sitting, with its accompaniment of penny buns administered to himself by Mr. A. M. Sullivan amid protests by famished legislators on the opposite benches.

The hollowness of the protest was demonstrated on Monday night. The Obstructionists had practically won the fight, and had got the second night. But the question now was, what would they do with it? It was taken for granted that they would be able to fill it with talk more or less purposeless. But, for the first time in recent Parliamentary history, this expectation was falsified. The Irish members literally "caved in" before the necessity of saying over again for the fourth, and perhaps even the fifth, time all the vapid declamation they had indulged in on previous nights with respect to the Constabulary. It was, nevertheless, necessary to make some show of using up the night for which they had struggled so hard. Accordingly they approached the Radical members on the benches opposite, and sued them, literally *in forma pauperis*, to help them through their bankruptcy of words. Thus appealed to, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Thomasson, and one or two others, came to the rescue, and the night was more or less agreeably worn through till half-past ten, when the vote was taken, something like thirty Irish members emphasising by their votes the long-syllabled protest they had indulged in against the Constabulary. It might be supposed that this collapse would have brought some embarrassment to Mr. Parnell and his friends. It was demonstrated in the most striking manner that their claim for additional encroachment on the time of Parliament was a mere farce. But, so far from this sentiment operating to his discomfort, Mr. Parnell is rather inclined to glory in the result. What he wants to show to the Irish mob, growing a little restive under the recent preservation of peace in Parliament, was that he should do as he pleased in the House of

Commons. If it had appeared that there really was necessity for further debate, his triumph would not have been nearly as great. He was now able to show that, for purely imaginary reasons, and on absolutely baseless grounds, he was able to wrest from a strong English Ministry a night which they could ill spare from public business, and which he would only wantonly waste. This is the bare truth of the matter; and it is a serious mistake to attempt, as is done in some well-meaning quarters, to minimise the completeness of the Obstructionist victory. It will be better for the prosperity of public business and the dignity of the House of Commons, when it is fully admitted that, as at present constituted, the rules of the House of Commons hand over the majority, bound hand and foot, to the will of a resolute minority who may chance to be insensible to those considerations which were presumed to weigh with gentlemen when the rules of the House of Commons were originally framed. The majority may kick and struggle all through the summer night, as they did on Friday, and as they did three years ago. But the minority win all the same, and in existing circumstances will continue to do so.

It was after this farce of the Irish Votes was played out that the business of the House of Commons really commenced, and was continued till the morning was far advanced. The whole of the remaining Votes in Supply were taken as fast as the Chairman of Committees could recite the particulars. Within twenty minutes as many votes had been agreed upon as in ordinary circumstances have occupied the same number of days. The only vote which led to discussion was one of 300*l.* for extending the Press Gallery, with the object of providing increased accommodation for provincial newspapers. This was a matter which touched the *amour propre* of Hon. Members, and could not be passed without discussion, as if it were a million or so for some department of the State. Hon. Members are naturally discontented with the brevity of the reports of their speeches furnished by the London newspapers. They feel that what costs them so great an effort, and is so admirably calculated to further the interests of the State, should not be dismissed in a few curt lines of summary. Their notion of a perfect Parliamentary report is a verbatim transcript of their remarks. Mr. Courtney, a gentleman whose professional association with journalism might have brought him a fuller measure of practical information, advocated a notable scheme. He would have a verbatim report taken of the debate from first to last, transcribed by a staff (which, it may be observed, no ante-room of the House would hold), and forwarded to the journals, with liberty to make use of as much as they thought proper. This delightful prospect was much cheered by hon. Members, who already saw themselves done justice to in print. But it was smitten hard by the ridicule of Mr. Beresford Hope, and received a death-blow by the practical query of Mr. Cowen: What were editors of newspapers to do with thirty-two columns of "flimsy" coming in to them throughout the night, with the necessity of first reading it all through and then compressing it?

The Lords have been worthily imitating the industry of the Commons. They had assembled in unusual numbers, and had sat almost as late as dinner time, on Tuesday even an hour beyond it. The cause of this unwonted excitement was, of course, the Hares and Rabbits Bill. On Monday it was brought in for a Second Reading, a motion which Earl Redesdale met by a counter proposition to throw it out. This was resisted by Earl Beaconsfield on high strategic grounds. His lordship reasoned with the angry peers, and finally convinced them that their object would be better attained by passing the Second Reading, and cutting up the Bill as much as possible when they got it in Committee. This advice was followed, though Earl Redesdale insisted on going to a division, where he was badly beaten, all but twenty Conservative peers walking out, and leaving him to be dealt with by a temporary Liberal majority. Tuesday night was devoted to work in Committee, when the Bill was made more palatable to landlords by the limitation of the killing power of the occupier to the use of a single gun, and by the establishment of a close time from August 1st to March 31st. At Earl Beaconsfield's interposition an amendment designed to make the Bill permissive was withdrawn, and in this amended form the Bill passed through Committee, and waits a renewed conflict with the House of Commons.

Among other achievements of the week have been the passing of the Burials Bill through the Commons, the completion of Supply, the bringing up of the Appropriation Bill, and the passing of the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, against which a few weeks ago Lord Randolph Churchill fulminated a direful threat. On Wednesday the Lords threw out the Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill, whereupon the Irish members made reprisals at the expense of an innocent Government and a spotless House of Commons by obstructing the passage of the Appropriation Bill, and so extending the session by a day.



MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE, American performers, who have, we believe, not been in England since 1856, when they performed at Drury Lane Theatre in *The Yankee Housekeeper*, made their first appearance at the Gaiety on Monday last in a comedy called, after Washington Irving's famous phrase, *The Mighty Dollar*. This piece, which is of purely American origin, aims at satirising the typical Western Congress man, and as it seems to have enjoyed considerable popularity in the United States, it must be assumed that American audiences have recognised in the Hon. Bardwell Slote a portrait not wholly unfamiliar to them. To the English spectator the uncouth, illiterate, vulgar, and openly corrupt and dishonest member for the "Cohosh District" necessarily appeals less directly. Self-seeking members of Parliament are unfortunately not entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic; and there is ground for suspecting that there may be among the numerous body of our silent members a certain proportion whose education has been somewhat incomplete; but the member of Parliament who proclaims his venality in society, and who, though given to mouthing about "the eternal bird of freedom," is so illiterate that he employs the initials "K.C." to signify "complete success," is happily not indigenous to our soil. We are bound to say that the playbill confesses on behalf of the American author Mr. Woolf that his "picture of life and manners in Washington" is "theatrically coloured;" and that both the Western Congressman and the travelled American lady, Mrs. General Gilflory, whom Mrs. Florence represents, are "slightly exaggerated portraits." To tell the truth, the tendency of both author and actors to caricature of a not very fresh or refined sort is too marked for the effect of the satire. Nevertheless, Mr. Florence's confused notions of spelling and perfectly frank dishonesty caused much amusement; and no less practical success attended the "Malapropisms," the scraps of bad French, and the vulgar sentiments with which Mrs. Florence's part is so liberally endowed. In pieces of this class it is customary to sacrifice all else to the object of bringing into relief one or two strongly marked personages. *The Mighty Dollar* is no exception to this rule. As the playbill warns us, "story is subordinate to character." The Hon. Bardwell Slote and his legislative functions, Mrs. General Gilflory and her offences against good taste and English grammar, are really mere incidents of the story; yet what interest

the play awakens is almost entirely due to the efforts of these performers. There is a young heroine, pleasingly represented by Miss Myra Holme, who gets into sad trouble through her imprudence in maintaining an acquaintance with an old sweetheart after her marriage with a certain vulgar millionaire; but her somewhat artificial and not altogether intelligible sorrows excite, for the reasons mentioned, but little sympathy. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are supported by an efficient company, and the piece is put upon the stage with every token of careful preparation.

AN ABODE OF BLISS.—At this holiday-seeking season of the year it may be of interest to the tax-burdened, business-worried householder to learn that nine hours of railway travelling and a delightful sea trip of a couple of hours' duration will land him at a privileged spot—an Isle of the Blest—where the tax-gatherer is unknown. At this delightful place the post is so blissfully uncertain that it is a matter of weather permitting if a letter posted in London on Monday reaches its destination next evening or on the following Friday, while the telegraph tariff—three-and-sixpence for twenty words—effectually checks a rash indulgence in that method of communication by way of substitute. There is no workhouse in this Arcadia, no prison, and only one policeman to control the rougher element of a population of about three thousand persons. The name of this abode of bliss is St. Mary's, the chief one of the group—the metropolis, in fact, of the Scilly Islands. Nay, if a man be disposed to retreat still farther "from the madding crowd" Scilly can accommodate him to his heart's content. It has its inner islets—St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Bryher—the people inhabiting which primitive spots know next to nothing even of money. They catch fish and cure it, and carry it across when the sea is not too rough in their boats to St. Mary's, where there is an obliging general storekeeper—only one—who has in stock every necessary of life such folk may require, and who takes all the dried fish that is brought to him at a fixed rate per stone, and permits his islander customer to draw on their banking account in the shape of bacon and boots and breadstuffs and pots and pans and all manner of ready-made clothing, and potatoes. The civilised sojourner at Bryher or St. Agnes would probably find that these were trifling hardships to endure. He would have to eschew such luxuries as fresh meat, and every stimulative drink but rank brandy and the coarsest beer; and it would never do for him, except in fine weather, to be ill, and require the services of a medical man. The only doctor the 4,000 inhabited and uninhabited acres can boast resides at St. Mary's, and neither for love nor money would a St. Bryherite venture over in his boat when the winds and waves were wrestling as they can wrestle in that region. The holiday-seeker, however, must be, indeed, difficult to please who found it necessary to seek beyond St. Mary's that peace which the commercial world cannot give. The climate is as balmy as Madeira itself, exotic plants bloom freely in the open, and such butterflies buzz about as one can find nowhere else in England. But after all the greatest novelty the place possesses for a Londoner is its freedom from vexatious impostors. There is a poor-rate collector sometimes (the townsmen draw lots who shall perform the disagreeable duty), but he carries neither ink-horn nor book. He lounges into a neighbour's house, and says he, "I'll trouble you for a trifle, old friend," and the old friend having complied, Mr. Collector, without giving anything in the shape of a receipt, pops the money into his breeches-pocket and proceeds on his round.

FASHIONABLE SUPERSTITION.—Letters from Dr. Forbes Winslow, Mr. Stuart Cumberland, and Dr. T. Koeman have appeared in the daily papers describing how, at a "dark séance" given in London one night last week, the medium, who was supposed to be in a trance in a room apart from the sitters, was detected in the act of impersonating a supposed spirit, a quantity of cochineal being squirted over the "materialised form" by Mr. Cumberland from a fountain ring with which he had provided himself. Mr. Cumberland seized the "spirit" and called for a light; but one of the sitters turned out the feeble gas jet which was burning, and in the darkness the medium, being assisted by a confederate, managed to release himself, and had time to get rid of his disguise. He was afterwards seen by Dr. Winslow and Mr. Cumberland in a feigned trance with distinct traces of the cochineal upon his face. Dr. Winslow then made himself known, and denounced the whole thing as an imposture from beginning to end, and the *séance* broke up in confusion. The difficulty of thoroughly stamping out any superstition which has once been allowed to take root, no matter how completely and perfectly it may be exposed, is as astonishing as it is undeniable. This is eminently the case with modern Spiritualism. One would have thought that with Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's anti-spiritualistic marvels publicly repeated day after day for years past, and the many *exposés* of so-called mediums that have from time to time been made by investigators, the delusion would have long since been driven from London at all events, if not entirely out of the country. But it is not so; the faith of the Spiritualist is so unbounded and impervious that nothing seems capable of affecting it, and cunning folk, apparently acting on the now historical axiom that people with plenty of money and no brains were made for those with plenty of brains and no money, continue to reap a rich harvest of admission fees to "light" and "dark" and "materialisation" *séances*, "trance lectures," and the like. At the moment we write we hear of a meeting at Liverpool, given under the auspices of the local Psychological Society, at which the supposed spirit of the late Earl of Derby made a speech of eighty minutes' duration, the means of communication being the vocal organs of a certain "trance-speaker." Here is a specimen paragraph from the oration:—"My mind imbibed the principle of civil authority and power emanating from and under the Constitution, which, to my mind, formed itself upon this phase of political morality rather than the chimerical platitudes of natural rights." It seems incredible that an audience of otherwise sane persons should listen patiently and attentively for over an hour to such meaningless verbiage as this in the full belief that the veritable ghost of the late statesman was addressing them. It is too much to expect that any private individual should enter upon a crusade against these ingenious persons, and we should, therefore, like to see the matter taken up in a "spirited" manner by the Criminal Investigation Department. The police and magistrates are ready enough to punish the vulgar fortune-tellers of low life, who for sixpence or a shilling profess to cast one's nativity or read one's destiny in a pack of dirty cards. How is it that we never hear of a raid being made upon these professors of magic who move in a higher sphere of society, and delude people whose educational acquirements ought to have placed them above the reach of such transparent imposture?

THE GRAY'S YARD RAGGED CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, James Street, Oxford Street, are in a more flourishing condition than for years previously, according to their annual report, the debt on the Church having been paid off, thanks chiefly to the receipts of a recent bazaar. Since its establishment in 1835 this institution has so expanded that now there is only one day in the week (Saturday) on which something is not done for the benefit of the surrounding poor. The usual machinery of Services, Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, and meetings of all kinds is in full work, but more assistants are sorely needed, as there are many Roman Catholic children in the neighbourhood who would join the schools if teachers were forthcoming. The food provided for those who attend the Sunday services has been greatly appreciated during the hard winter. Help either in food, clothing, money, or personal assistance will be gratefully received.



THE WHALE FISHERY IN DAVIS STRAITS has been unusually successful this year. The twelve Dundee vessels engaged bring home 105 whales and 978 tons of oil, representing a value of 30,000*l.*

THE NATIONAL GALLERY is in future to be open every week throughout the year, and the public will be admitted on students' days on the payment of a small entrance fee, as at South Kensington.

A DISAPPOINTED GALLIC LOVER recently took a curious revenge on the hard-hearted fair one. After innumerable rebuffs he summoned his lady love before a neighbouring magistrate to pay him compensation for the time he had lost in wooing.

THE BERLIN SALON opened on Sunday. Besides native exhibitors, English and American artists have largely contributed to the present collection, which contains over a thousand paintings and pieces of sculpture, and will remain open for two months.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES, riding together in the same carriage, are to form the great attraction of a monster procession at Boston on the 17th inst.—the 250th anniversary of the city's settlement.

A WELSH NATIONAL WEEKLY JOURNAL, *Cyfaill Yr Adwydd*, or the Friend of the Hearth, is to be brought out at Llanelli in October. The new publication will contain stories, reviews, and essays, and notes on literary, artistic, and musical subjects.

THE TAM O'SHANTER HAT, worn by British beauties, is much admired in France, and the Paris *Figaro* recommends its fair readers to adopt "this charming head-dress, which was the national head-gear of Ireland in the sixteenth century, and is known in history as the 'Tom a'shanter.'"

AMERICAN CHILDREN are noted for precocity, and they have now taken to betting as keenly as their elders. At Saratoga the little ones lay wagers on the races and go about betting-book in hand, talking wisely on turf matters and discussing the points of a horse with all the eagerness of veteran sportsmen.

ABDURRAHMAN'S BODY GUARD are remarkable for their curious equipment, the *Times of India* tells us. At the interview between the Ameer and Mr. Lepel Griffin it was noticeable that no two of the retainers were alike either in height or garb, while they were marvellously armed with Sniders, Chassepôts, Martinis, Minie rifles, double-barrelled guns, and matchlocks.

THE QUATERCENTENARY OF TITIAN'S BIRTH will be celebrated on Sunday by the unveiling of a statue at the great Venetian painter's native place, Pieve-di-Cadore, near Belluno. The little town is perched high up on a rocky ridge some distance beyond the head of raft navigation and the timber trade on the river Pieve. Another Old Master, Correggio, is to be commemorated by a statue, which will be inaugurated at Naples in October.

THE FAMOUS RAVENNA BAPTISTERY is in danger of falling. The ground round the building has risen so visibly of late that it is now necessary to go down a flight of steps into the Baptistery, while water filters through the curiously painted walls, and the celebrated mosaics are literally dropping off. As the building would be ruined if pulled to pieces, it is proposed to remove it bodily in the American way, an undertaking of no ordinary difficulty, as the Baptistery weighs some 1,067 tons.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC SEARCH EXPEDITION, in the Revenue cutter *Corwin*, have seen nothing of the *Jeannette*, according to the latest news. Mr. Bennett's vessel, however, had last been seen on October 20th, about forty miles south-east of Herald's Island, whence she was working towards Wrangell Land. The *Corwin* was still searching for missing whalers, and as soon as the ice permitted, she would follow the *Jeannette's* track as far as she could safely go, and return before the closing of Behring's Strait.

A RELIC OF THE SPANISH ARMADA has been fished up off Slains in Aberdeenshire—a large gun having been raised from the spot where one of the Spaniards was wrecked, little the worse for its 292 years soaking. The gun is 8 ft. long, the diameter of the bore at the muzzle being 4 in., and 13 in. at the touchhole, while it is loaded partly with nails. One of these is arrow-shaped, and appears to be made of hammered iron, as it shines when rubbed. Several similar guns have been raised before, and are now in the Queen's possession.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION, so energetically promoted by the City and Guilds of London Institute, is to be further advanced this winter by a course of lectures at the rooms of the Institute, Cowper Street, Finsbury, in October, November, and December next. Professor Armstrong will lecture on organic chemistry, and Professor Ayrton on the electric light, electrical instrument-making and weighing appliances, and motor machinery. The lectures are supplemented by experiments, and the entrance fee is very small.

THE ART OF DRESSING IN THE COMMONEST MATERIALS, and yet looking superior to other women, is being studied by fashionable Parisiennes. Fourteen ladies recently entered into competition, and the prize was awarded to a dress made of that coarse sacking used for packing purposes, trimmed somewhat incongruously with Valenciennes lace and floral embroidery on a gold ground, parasol and shoes to match. The experiment, however, was decidedly expensive, for though the dress itself cost a mere nothing, the lace was worth 60*l.*, the handle of the parasol cost 24*l.*, and the embroidery 32*l.*

M. GAMBETTA'S FAVOURITE SUMMER RECREATION is fishing for frogs in a small pond at his country seat at Ville d'Avray, near Paris—at least, so says the *Indépendance Belge*. Here the President of the Chamber leads a most secluded life, no visitors being admitted; while he only stirs abroad at six o'clock A.M., spending the rest of the day in his extensive garden. M. Grévy's holiday existence is almost as quiet at Mont-Sous-Vaudrey, where he inhabits an ugly square house in the midst of a good-sized park. Originally the Grévy family lived on their father's farm, a short distance off; and, as the present President and his brothers rose in the world, they gradually enlarged the old buildings. When M. Grévy grew rich, he bought his present small estate, and is now anxious to extend his grounds, but is thwarted by the Mayor of the district, who owes him a grudge respecting local affairs.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,488 against 1,492 in the previous seven days, being 6 below the average, a decrease of 4, and at the rate of 21.3 per 1,000. During the last eight weeks of the present quarter the death-rate has averaged 22 per 1,000 against 24.1 and 18.1 in the corresponding periods of 1878 and 1879. There were 270 deaths from diarrhoea (an increase of 5, and 25 above the average), 53 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 4, and 3 above the average), 23 from whooping-cough (a decline of 1, and 14 below the average), 16 from measles (a fall of 7, and a lower return than in any week since March), 17 from fever (a decrease of 3, and 8 below the average), 13 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), and 3 from smallpox (a decline of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 124 from 167, while there were 40 deaths from violence, of which 31 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,497 births registered, a decline of 15, but 70 above the average. The mean temperature was 62.7° and 1.7° above the average; and there were 14.8 hours of bright sunshine out of the 97.6 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.



1. KING LEOPOLD RESPONDING TO THE ADDRESSES OF THE DEPUTATIONS.—2. THE HISTORICAL CAVALCADE

THE JUBILEE OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE—NATIONAL FÊTE AT BRUSSELS



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The long-promised naval demonstration is at length likely to take place. Fifteen ironclads will meet at Ragusa, England being represented by the *Alexandra*, *Monarch*, and *Téméraire*, France by the *Friedland*, *Suffren*, and *Iliriondele*, Italy by the *Palestra*, *Venezia*, and *Vedetta*, Austria by the *Prinz Eugen* and *Kaiser*, Russia by the *Svetland*, *Asold*, and *Eiborus*, and Germany by the *Victoria*. Here the squadron, under the command of the British Admiral, Sir F. Beauchamp Seymour, will be in readiness to move on Dulcigno, its subsequent proceedings being regulated by the action of the Porte. It is hoped that the mere appearance of the squadron off Dulcigno will be sufficient to awe Turkey into obedience, but at present the news has not created much alarm at Constantinople, although the Ministry are much disappointed at the completeness of the European concert, which they scoffingly likened to a cart with six horses looking different ways. Still the Ministry have drawn up a Note on the final demarcation of the frontier, and have submitted it to the Sultan, so that an *Iradi* on the matter is daily looked for. At Dulcigno itself matters are reported to be highly unsatisfactory. Riza Pasha, it is true, tried to make the opposing Albanian chiefs prisoners, but the populace rescued their leaders and threatened to kill the Turkish Envoy, who mindful of the fate of his predecessor, Mehmet Ali, has since been quiet enough. At present the inhabitants of Dulcigno are encamped with the Albanians at Mazur to oppose the cession, while the Turkish troops fraternize with them. The Albanians have telegraphed to the Sultan their determination to fight to the last extremity. Abd-ul-Hamid is, however, losing patience with their insubordination, which he supported when it suited his purpose, but now finds inconvenient. Prince Nikita now claims compensation for the losses caused by the Albanian League.

The firm tone of the Collective Note on the Greek question, presented on Thursday week, at first made a great impression on the Porte. Finding, however, that the Note contained no ultimatum the Ministry relapsed into their old way of undervaluing European counsel, and though they are vigorously discussing their reply, it is thought probable that they will find a fresh plea against the surrender. Their rejoinder is expected next week. The Porte is more inclined to accede to the proposed reforms in Armenia; while the organic statute for the Turkish provinces of Europe, drawn up by the International Commission of Reforms, is also being considered by the Sultan.—In SERBIA the Skuptschina assembles shortly, when the Government will bring in a Bill to settle the Jewish question in conformity with the Berlin Treaty.

FRANCE.—The respite accorded to the Jesuits engaged in education expired on Tuesday, and with their usual acuteness the Order converted their schools into secular colleges, and departed without waiting to be turned out. Thus they practically retain command of their old schools while complying with the law. The only disturbances took place at Poitiers and Marseilles, where the scenes of June were repeated, the congregations kneeling in the streets. In Paris the authorities had no trouble, and even permitted some Alsatian Jesuits to remain as forming a special Church. Many of the ejected Jesuits will form a Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Africa. Other Orders also seem more conciliatory towards the Government, and have prepared a declaration stating their respect and submission to the present institutions, and begging the Government to leave them free to pursue works of prayer, instruction, and charity, as they do not meddle with politics, and cannot apply for authorisation lest they should seem to admit that their previous existence was illegal. Thus M. Freycinet's promise of moderation has already borne fruit with the Clericals, while it has simultaneously caused a perfect split among some of the Radical party, who vehemently deny the prospect of any compromise, declaring that the laws will be carried out to the letter. Prince Napoleon, who has been interviewed by a correspondent of the Italian *Risorgimento*, has joined this side of the party, alleging that the Government would endanger the State by not enforcing the decrees. The Prince further believes that the Radicals will overturn the present Republic, and states that he and his party are ready to accept a Republic on a different system—i.e. headed by a President elected by universal suffrage. He builds his hopes on this plan—declaring that the peasantry would at once elect a Napoleon.

The returned Communists are fast bringing themselves into worse repute by holding agitation meetings, and when the Chambers assemble there will probably be an interpellation respecting the threats of the *amnisties* towards the generals who fought against the Commune.—M. Paul de Cassagnac has tried to arouse a fresh anti-German alarm by quoting a Berlin criticism on the defences of Paris, and joins the Teutonic writer in his condemnation of the inefficiency of the fortifications both on the frontier and round capital.—Strict Catholics have been deeply scandalised by the marriage of a former priest, the Abbé Laine, assistant of Father Hyacinthe. M. Loyson himself married the couple, and complimented them on their courage. Paris is fast waking up from her summer sleep. An insect show is being held at the Palais de l'Industrie, the theatres are preparing to reopen, there has been a *début* at the Comédie Française, where Mlle. Lérou was highly successful in *Athalie*, and an unpleasant drama, *Le Cardinal Dubois*, by M. A. Belle, has been produced at the Château d'Eau.—In the provinces Blois has been *filting* the memory of Denis Papin, whom she claims as the original discoverer of the force of steam; and a favourable vintage is expected as the severe winter has completely eradicated the phylloxera in many districts.

GERMANY is absorbed in preparations for the autumn manoeuvres. Soldiers crowd the villages round Berlin, and Princes and military authorities are fast arriving, while the intention of the Duke of Cambridge to be present has particularly gratified the Prussians, as the Duke has not been in Berlin for some years. The King of Greece also comes next week. The Prince and Princess of Roumania have been at Berlin, and have had a long conference with Prince Bismarck. They came, however, chiefly to consult on the adoption of one of their nephews, the son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, as heir, the Prince and Princess being childless. Prince Ferdinand, the second son, a lad of fifteen, is stated to have been chosen. Prince Bismarck, who has now gone to Friedrichsruhe, has temporarily undertaken the Ministry of Commerce, resigned by Herr Hofmann, Secretary of State for the Interior, who has retired. There has been a split in the National Liberal party, twenty-six members of the German Parliament pronouncing in favour of Free Trade, and thus taking the first step towards the organisation of a genuine Liberal opposition. Indeed, the Protectionist laws are already being severely criticised, owing to the failure of the harvest in North Eastern Prussia.—The Sedan anniversary was to be celebrated on Thursday with great rejoicings, and on Wednesday the Emperor issued an affectionate address to the army, reminding them of the chief events of the 1870 campaign, bidding them continue models of honour and duty, and never to relax diligent training for war.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has gone to the Crimea with General Loris Melikoff. The new Minister of the Interior, however, will soon return to St. Petersburg, where fresh reforms are proposed—notably an increase of freedom in the Press department, and the repeal of

the prohibition on the possession of fire-arms. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Nicholas has retired from the command of the Guards, where he is replaced by the Grand Duke Vladimir, and has given up the command of the military district of St. Petersburg to the Czarevitch. The Chinese difficulty also is prospering, for the negotiations are now to be transferred to Peking. China wants a new convention, ceding the whole of the Ili territory, and Russia is willing to take only a part of Kuldja for colonising purposes, but demands that the frontier shall be rectified to prevent disorder and to stop the flight of Chinese subjects into Russian territory. General Skobelev is still inactive, no movement of importance being reported since the Tepé reconnaissance in July. There are plenty of reports of "active preparations," but it is evident that the General has too small a force to venture on the offensive. One account estimates that his troops only at 2,500.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The siege of Candahar has been raised, and General Roberts has accomplished his daring march in safety. Ayoub Khan retired first to Sanjeri, eight miles west of Candahar, and subsequently took up his position with 23,000 troops on the right bank of the Argandab, opposite Baba Wali, about four miles from the city, sending an advance force to Takt-i-Pul to intercept communication with General Phayre. Here we may daily expect to hear of his encounter with General Roberts, as it is stated that although Ayoub himself wished to fall back towards Herat, he was prevented by his Cabuli troops who were anxious to give battle. On the other hand, the Herati, Kohistani, and Kafilash forces endeavoured to desert, but were sworn on the Koran to remain faithful. Finding so large a share of his followers wavering, Ayoub has made overtures to General Roberts, but these negotiations may, after all, be only a blind, as Ayoub has now been joined by the chief representatives of Shere Ali's family, all eager for resistance. It is evident that Ayoub's retreat was due solely to General Roberts' approach, as further details of the sortie of the Candahar garrison on the 16th show that it had little result. The Afghans had been gradually drawing a closer circle round the city, so the British force of 300 cavalry and 800 infantry endeavoured to destroy the loopholed walls of the village Deh Kwaji, facing the Cabul and Burdourance gates. The besiegers, however, were too strong, and though the British penetrated through the village they found it heavily loopholed, and could not keep the position, but were forced to return under severe fire. The British dead were not buried till the 25th, but the wounded are doing well, except Major Vandeleur of the 7th Fusiliers, who has succumbed to his injuries. As provisions were plentiful in Candahar, and there was fodder up to September 1, General Roberts delayed his arrival before the city to allow General Phayre time to move, and to give his own force a rest. The halt was much needed, as General Roberts reached Khelat-i-Ghilzai on the 23rd, having marched 16 miles daily for fifteen days. He came by the Logar route in preference to the Maidan, as though the latter was shorter it was destitute of provisions, which on the other road have been plentiful, the reserves not being touched. No opposition was offered, and the soldiers were well and horses in good condition. Five soldiers and six camp followers died on the march, and nine were missing—probably murdered by tribesmen. After a day's rest General Roberts moved on, taking with him the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzai—800 strong—where he left as Governor Mahomed Sadik Khan. This Toki chief was in charge when the British arrived last year, and as he belongs to a Ghilzai clan will favourably influence the neighbourhood. Marching leisurely to keep the men fresh, the column on Saturday reached Kobat, seventeen miles from Candahar, whence heliographic communication was established with the citadel. Here they met Colonel St. John from Candahar, and General Roberts himself arrived at Candahar on Tuesday.—Ayoub is said to keep prisoner in his camp Lieutenant MacLaine, R.A., who was captured on July 27.

General Phayre is at last advancing, but very slowly, owing to a scarcity of food and forage. The country round the column is a desert; the animals have been put on half-rations; while the drivers frequently desert, and have to be replaced by soldiers. The general himself arrived at Chaman on the 27th, while the advance guard occupied the Shah Pass, nineteen miles further, and on Tuesday night the General marched with all his forces. He expects to give battle at Takt-i-pul, where a large gathering is reported. Tribesmen, moreover, are hovering round, ready to attack the communications between Quetta and Chaman, now protected by a column under Brigadier-General Walker, and further back the Murrees and others are highly agitated. Indeed, on Saturday they made an unsuccessful raid on Mall, near the Bolan Pass. In Shoravak, to the south-west of Peshin, the natives are leagued with the troops who lately mutinied against the Khan of Khelat. Down at Kurachee also a regular panic has prevailed, a rising of the Pathans and Beloochees being feared. The garrison has, however, been reinforced.

Sir Donald Stewart continues his march homeward peacefully, the only anxiety being lest sickness should break out, as cholera has appeared at Tangi and Peshawur. The Indian Government is now considering the occupation of the Kuram and the Khyber. In the former position the troops have been uselessly locked up; while the latter is most unhealthy, more men being lost at Ali Masjid in three months than would suffice to force the Khyber ten times over. Cabul news is unimportant.

INDIA proper is anxious respecting rain in the Deccan and the North-West Provinces. During the last fortnight the rains have suddenly ceased, but the crops will not be materially injured if the weather be wet during the present month.

UNITED STATES.—Next week the States begin to choose their presidential electors. President Hayes has gone to California, visiting Utah on his way. The Golden State, by the way, is considerably excited by the arrival of the pioneer Chinese vessel of the steam trade newly organised between China and the States. The *Hochung* is now at San Francisco awaiting the action of the American Government before unloading.—There are two disasters to record. A Detroit steamer on her way to Michigan has been burned, with the loss of ten lives; and a tornado in Arizona has destroyed the barracks at Fort Mojave, killing and injuring several persons.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Emperor of AUSTRIA is on a tour of military inspection, and will attend the Galicia manoeuvres.—Fresh inundations have occurred in south-eastern SPAIN, agriculture and the railways suffering greatly.—In ITALY there have been considerable disturbances over the municipal elections at Naples, where the Progressists tried to coerce the electors.—There has been an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate King Theebaw of BURMA.—The recent hurricane at Kingston, JAMAICA, has caused great suffering, thousands are homeless, and a famine is feared.—In SOUTH AMERICA negotiations for peace are said to be in progress. Chili would annex the territory of Bolivia on the Pacific coast, the remainder being joined to Peru, while the latter State would pay the cost of the war—\$3,000,000.—The Belgian National Air, "La Brabançonne," is keeping its fiftieth birthday this year in company with the Monarchy. Originally called the "Bruxelloise," the words were written by a young actor, Jenneval, a fellow artist, Van Campenhout, contributing the music, and the first version consisted of a pathetic appeal for liberty to William of Orange, sung at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, on September 12, 1830. As the King was found obdurate, the popular song changed both name and tone, the sentiments becoming defiant, and later, when the Revolution proved successful, the words were altered to the present form.—The unlucky author fell soon after in a skirmish, and was buried with his fellow patriots on the site of the present monument in the Place des Martyrs at Brussels, but the composer long survived him, and

leaving the stage, spent his last days in writing operas, now entirely forgotten.—Cologne Cathedral is to be consecrated with great pomp on October 15th—the birthday of the late Frederick William IV., who actively contributed to the continuation of the work. The Emperor and family will be present. The towers are now the most lofty in the world—160 metres (about 520 feet), and 16 metres (52 feet) above the spire of the Protestant church of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, hitherto the highest. From its foundation up to the present time the building has cost about two millions of money.—The St. Gothard Tunnel is to be illuminated by the electric light.



THE QUEEN, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, arrived at Balmoral at the end of last week. Her Majesty travelled straight from the Isle of Wight, stopping only at Banbury for tea and at Perth for breakfast. On Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited several of the cottagers on the estate, and next morning Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess were present at Divine Service, which was performed at Balmoral by the Rev. A. Campbell. The Queen takes her customary walks and drives, and has received no visitors. As usual the Court will remain in Scotland till November.

The Prince of Wales has been visiting the South Devon watering-places in his yacht *Formosa*, while the Princess and the Royal children have remained in the Isle of Wight. The Prince competed in the Dartmouth regatta, where his cutter failed to gain a place, and he subsequently attended Torbay regatta on Monday, the *Formosa* again being unsuccessful. Next day the Prince again entered his yacht for competition, but afterwards withdrew, preferring to cruise about at leisure. He will rejoin the Princess and family at the end of the week, and after seeing off Princes Albert Victor and George in the *Bacchante*, which leaves next week for Vigo, the Prince and Princess go to Abergeldie. The moors here have been let, but the Prince will have a few days shooting at Invermark, with Sir John Harvey. Subsequently the Princess will go to Copenhagen.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are staying at Potsdam with the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. They arrived on Sunday from Nuremberg, being received at the station by the different members of the family, and in the evening were present at a family dinner given by the Emperor at Babelsberg in honour of the Prince and Princess of Roumania. On Monday they called on Prince Bismarck.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are likely to stay some time at Coburg with their children. Prince Sergius, the Duchess's youngest brother, has joined the party.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and his family will shortly visit England, and the *Victoria* and *Albert* has been ordered to fetch them from Flushing on the 13th or 14th inst.

The young Queen of Holland has a daughter, born on Tuesday, and who will be named Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria. The Hague has been gaily decorated in the baby's honour.



THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.—The Archbishop of Canterbury addressed an assemblage of clergymen at Croydon on Tuesday, on the occasion of his Triennial Visitation. Premising that he should deal rather with the affairs of the Church at large than with those of his own diocese, His Grace declared it to be his desire to extend sympathy and fellowship to all the Protestant Churches in Christendom, and that it was the duty of Churchmen to cultivate friendly relations with Nonconformists. He expressed his belief that the internal agitations and divisions which had of late years occupied the Church had nearly subsided, and said that as a promoter of the Public Worship Regulation Act he did not think it a failure. He believed the majority of Churchmen were tired and ashamed of such disputes as had arisen, and that, while desiring a well-ordered and attractive Ritual, they were staunch in their dislike of semi-Popish innovations, and, being deeply attached to the forms of the Church, were thankful that these were quietly enforced.—The Bishop of Carlisle, speaking at Ulverston on Monday, prayed Churchmen not to be despondent of the future of the Church of England on account of legislation now taking place. He doubted whether the people would accept proposals for Disestablishment for he believed that an immense majority of the nation were exceedingly proud of the Church of England.

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN has announced his intention of retiring in March next from the pastorate of the Myrtle Street Baptist Chapel, Liverpool, which he has held for more than thirty years. He will, however, continue to reside in Liverpool, devoting himself entirely to Evangelistic work.

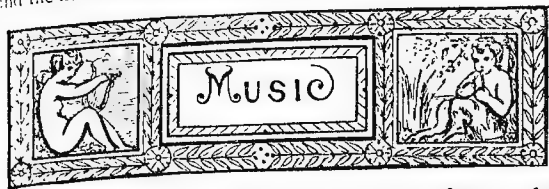
WHITECHAPEL CHURCH, or, more correctly speaking, the Church of St. Mary Matfellow, Whitechapel, was almost completely destroyed by a fire, the origin of which has not yet been ascertained; a statement that a lighted lamp had been left in the organ loft by the person employed to tune the instrument having been positively denied. The edifice was only built a few years ago, at a cost of 30,000/. It occupied a site on which two previous churches of the same name had stood, the original building dating so far back as 1329.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE was last Sunday again crowded by a congregation of "strangers," to make room for whom the regular seat-holders stayed away, as they have many times done before. Mr. Spurgeon preached an eloquent sermon from the text in Isaiah, "Take up the stumbling block out of the way of the people."

DOGS AT CHURCH.—On Sunday last the service at a Free Church at Lochearnhead, Perthshire, was interrupted by two collie dogs, which barked and fought furiously to the great alarm of the congregation, one of whom, a young tourist, had his hand severely bitten while endeavouring to separate them. The clergyman's dog is said to have occupied his customary place in the family pew, behaving with the greatest decorum, and apparently taking no notice whatever of the disturbance created by his irreverent brethren.

FRENCH JESUITS AT MOLD.—The building which has hitherto been known as the Flintshire County Gaol was last week formally handed over to the Rev. Francis Xavier Pailloux, who, with two priests and two lay-brothers, has gone into residence there, re-naming the place "St. Germanus House." Extensive alterations are to be made in the building, which is destined to become the home of a monastic community, numbering about one hundred members. Germanus was the Bishop of Auxerre, who early in the fifth century was sent by the Gallican Bishops to attend a conference held at St. Alban's with certain Pelagian doctors. He was present at what is known the "Hallelujah Victory," gained at

Maesgarmon, near Mold, by the Ancient Britons over their Saxon invaders. Bede refers to it at length in his "Ecclesiastical History," and the field is called Garmon or Germanus to this day.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—As the season advances these entertainments are becoming more and more attractive, which may be attributed in a great degree to the studied variety of the programmes. At each successive concert there is something new of more or less interest. The selection on the last "English Night," for example, may be pointed to as a model. Every piece, vocal and instrumental, was from the pen of an English composer, or—as in the instances of Benedict's overture to the *Lily of Killarney* and the march from Costa's *Eli*, each at all times welcome—of a naturalised English resident. The concert opened with G. A. Macfarren's "Festival Overture," composed expressly for Liverpool, where, not long since, it met with well-deserved applause. This was succeeded by the *allegretto* from Mr. H. F. Cowen's Symphony in C minor, his first orchestral work of consequence, produced nearly ten years ago, and encouraging hopes which, now that our gifted young countryman is coming so prominently forward, will doubtless be fulfilled. The *allegretto* is a movement instinct with genuine beauty, and scored for the instruments with a delicacy calling for high praise. It could hardly have been better performed. Mr. Cowen should give us one or two movements from his second Symphony (in F); and as soon as convenient, the whole of his third (in C minor)—if, as we have reason to believe, it is entirely completed. After two songs—"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep?" (J. W. Davison), and "It was a lover and his lass" (Hubert Parry), one melancholy, the other gay, both given in perfection by Madame Antoinette Sterling—came the leading feature of the concert—Sterndale Bennett's pastoral cantata, *The May Queen*, which, besides having the true English ring about it, is a pattern of tuneful simplicity and unaffected grace. First introduced at the Leeds Festival of 1858 (which Bennett—himself a Yorkshireman—conducted), *The May Queen* is still popular throughout the country, and likely to remain so. This, of course, required a chorus, and the members of Mr. W. Lemare's Brixton Choir did service for the occasion. The singing of the ladies and gentlemen composing this suburban choir, if by no means irreproachable, was at any rate painstaking, and the scant opportunity offered to Mr. Cowen of rehearsing with band and principal vocalists taken into consideration, entitled to proportionate indulgence. The performance generally, however, and for the same reason, can only lay claim to qualified approval, which leads to the inference that, except in the shape of unaccompanied part-songs, choral music is out of place at these entertainments. If a work like *The May Queen* cannot obtain adequate rehearsal (and how, in the circumstances, is that possible?), it had better be left alone. The leading parts were undertaken by Miss Anna Williams (the May Queen), Mr. Frank Boyle (the Lover), Miss Josephine Cravino (Queen of England), and Mr. Walter Clifford (Robin Hood). All did their best, and Mr. Frank Boyle won merited applause in the tenor air, "O meadow clad in early green;" but on the whole the result hardly came up to what the admirers of Sterndale Bennett's natural and lovely music could have wished. The overture, originally styled *Marie du Bois* (for reasons only known to the composer's intimate friends), and written many years before the cantata, was perhaps the best interpreted number in the work; but then the orchestra, almost to a man, must have known it by heart, and no music is more popular with our instrumental musicians than that of Bennett. On Monday the whole of the first part was given to Beethoven. With an interesting programme, and a performance almost all that could be wished, the selection was, nevertheless, too long. The overture to *Prometheus*, the third pianoforte concerto, and the fifth orchestral symphony, with a couple of vocal pieces thrown in, would have answered every purpose; but to these being added the *larghetto* from another symphony (No. 2), and the *scherzo* from yet another (No. 9), a surfeit of good things was the result. All passed off well, however; and had the Symphony in C minor, or, at any rate, the excerpts from the Symphony in D and the Symphony in D minor (the "Choral") been left out, there would have been no cause for grumbling. As it happened, a fairly-balanced Philharmonic programme was compressed into the one half of a "Promenade!" That is not the method, Mr. Cowen, by which to convert the *profanum vulgus* to your own legitimate way of thinking. Mdlle. Timanoff, from Russia, a pupil of Franz Liszt's, undertook the pianoforte part in the C minor Concerto, and played it with remarkable spirit throughout. This extremely clever young lady, whose mechanism sets difficulties at naught, is hardly so much at ease in the music of Beethoven as in that of her distinguished master, or in that of Anton Rubinstein, Liszt's most formidable rival, specimens of both which she has introduced, with great and merited applause, at the Covent Garden Concerts. Her execution, for instance, on Monday, of a "Tarantella" (so-called—though it would be hard to imagine any set of Neapolitans dancing to such a tune) by Liszt, was, after its manner, prodigious—quite enough, indeed, to justify the uproarious applause it elicited. Mr. Cowen would seem to be seized with a Liszt fit; how otherwise account for a second performance of the *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, one of the most uninviting pieces of orchestral music that imagination could possibly conceive? The Beethoven concert must not be dismissed without recognition of the excellent singing of our young contralto, Miss Orridge, and our long experienced tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, the former of whom in the canzonet, "In questa tomba oscura," the latter in "Adelaide" (ably accompanied by A. H. Thouless), won the favourable opinion of every competent judge. At the "Classical Night," on Wednesday, the programme was also interesting. A Symphony in D, by Mozart (little known), the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Ruy Blas* (Spohr and Mendelssohn), and Dvorak's "Slavonian Dance," No. 2, were the orchestral pieces; Mdlle. Timanoff playing with brilliant execution the *adagio* and *scherzo* from Henri Litolf's "Concerto Symphonique." Mr. Vernon Rigby, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Annie Merriott were the singers, the first selecting "Un' aura amorosa," from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, the second the recitative and air, "Quando miro," by the same composer, the last Mendelssohn's "Infelice"—all three singing their very best. The second part began with Auber's "Exhibition" overture (transposed half a tone, to accommodate the military band). Last night Mr. Santley was to make his first appearance.

WAIFS.—Mr. Candidus, the American tenor, late of Her Majesty's Theatre, having passed his third trial performance to the satisfaction of the public in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is engaged for three years at the new theatre, about to open on the 24th of this month. Mr. Candidus won his spurs as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*, a part to test the capabilities of any singer.—Bottesini, "Emperor of the double bass," is to be conductor during the concert tour of Adelina Patti.—Richard Wagner's recent visit to Perugia was to witness a performance of Verdi's *Aida*. The Bayreuth master would seem to be more tolerant than his disciple, Hans von Bülow.—The interior of the Scala at Milan is about to be improved and renovated. Better late than never.—Anton Rubinstein's first important opera,

The Demon, long accepted and admired in St. Petersburg and Moscow, is about to be produced at Hamburg by the indefatigable manager, Pollini. The same composer's last opera, *Nera*, is in preparation at the National Theatre, Pesth.—Liszt has quitted Weimar for his annual visit to Rome, which he must find very different since the death of his at one time enthusiastic patron, Pio IX.—The legend of the "Beautiful Melusina," in which the hero instead of the heroine (as in *Lohengrin*) pays the penalty of a broken pledge and indiscreet inquisitiveness, has but lately furnished the subject of three new operas. It was believed that Mendelssohn's enchanting overture (which killed Conradin Kreutzer's) had exhausted the theme.—Madame Christine Nilsson has returned from Aix les Bains to Paris.



THE PROTECTION OF LONDON.—The official report on the Metropolitan Police for 1879 has just been issued, and, like its predecessors, is full of the most interesting statistics. At the close of the year the force numbered 10,711, to which 200 have since been added. During the year over seventy-one miles of new streets were completed, and handed over to police protection. The number of felonies committed was 21,891, the value of property stolen 101,798*l.*, and the amount recovered 22,460*l.*, whilst the number of persons arrested for felony was 11,431, of whom 6,221 were convicted. These figures, compared with those of the previous year, show an increase of 153 offences and 168 apprehensions. Burglary, house-breaking, robbery, pocket-picking, and larceny by servants have decreased, whilst other minor larcenies have increased. Charges of "drunk and disorderly" have also decreased, the figures being for 1878 35,408, and for 1879 33,892. Of fatal street accidents the number was exactly the same in both years—viz., 124, but the number of persons maimed or injured was 2,950, which is 82 less than in the previous year. The "lost and missing" were 9,539 children and 3,309 adults, of whom 6,015 children and 684 adults were found by the police, while 3,499 children and 2,403 adults were found by friends or returned home. There were 259 cases of suicide, and 404 of attempted suicide, whilst forty-three bodies found dead or drowned were photographed, but not identified. The number of dogs seized in the streets by the police was 25,669, of which 22,502 were consigned to the Dogs' Home, 3,095 were restored to their owners, and 102 "otherwise disposed of."

CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION.—Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent, in his report for 1879, says that during the year crimes increased in number, but decreased in gravity. The officers of the department made 4,862 arrests, 64.70 per cent. of which resulted in convictions. They also inquired into 2,066 cases not requiring any apprehension, and some were sent on special service to Australia, Barbadoes, Belgium, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Spain, besides many places in the United Kingdom. Twenty-seven persons were surrendered under extradition treaties to foreign States, and two received over.

THE OUTRAGE ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—Henry Perry has now been committed for trial on the double charge of robbery and attempted murder. The young man Lewis whom he attacked, though still very ill and weak from the treatment to which he had been subjected, appeared at the Guildhall Police Court on Monday, and gave a thrilling account of the prisoner's attempt to drug him, and the subsequent struggle in the railway carriage. Perry was loudly hissed as he left the Court in custody. The witness Bell, who arrested him, was called forward by Sir T. White, and desired to come to him again when the trial was over.

"REGISTRY OFFICES."—Henry Pipe, the registry office keeper, of Bishop's Road, Paddington, who is charged with obtaining money from several persons on the false pretence of finding situations for them, has been again remanded, and a man named John Jackson is now coupled with him in a charge of conspiring to defraud. At the last hearing the Counsel for the Treasury having described the way in which Pipe is alleged to have treated a young girl from the country, the defendant's counsel said that it was "very inconvenient to go into fresh charges," upon which the Magistrate remarked (amid applause from those in Court) that, as a general rule, it was inconvenient; but this was an exceptional case to all rules, and it was not unlikely, if there were further charges, that it might go on *ad infinitum*. Letters were being sent to him from all parts of the country in reference to the case. The case now stands adjourned until Friday next.

THE MARKING AT WIMBLEDON.—The court-martial on Sergeant Marshman is still going on. On Saturday the case for the prosecution was completed, Sergeant Sage being recalled and questioned as to his relations with a man named Jennings. He protested against what he called an attack on his character, and denied that he had been engaged in any dishonourable dealings, or that he anticipated any reward for giving information in this case. The Court then adjourned till Wednesday, it being intimated that if the prisoner was not then ready with his witnesses he would be allowed another day; and that the Admiralty, on the recommendation of the Court, would allow the "reasonable expenses" of any witnesses called to give specific evidence on his behalf.

STEAM-BOAT RACING is, or was, common enough on the giant rivers of America, and is sufficiently dangerous even there; but in our narrower streams such a practice is little less than suicidal, and we are therefore not surprised to hear that the Greenock magistrates have imposed a fine of three guineas, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment, on Captain Berden of the Clyde steamer, *Marquis of Lorne*, for racing with his vessel, whereby he narrowly escaped colliding with the steamer *Chancellor*. Both steamers were well laden with passengers, and there was much alarm at the manner in which the *Marquis of Lorne* was handled.

FENIAN THREATENING LETTERS.—John Donovan, the footman who is accused of writing threatening letters to Lord Oranmore and Browne, has now been committed for trial. At his second examination before the magistrate, Mr. Chabot, the "expert," declared that the anonymous letters were in the prisoner's handwriting, and a post-card received by Lord Oranmore since the previous hearing was put in:—"Nemesis. Do not delay making your will. *Tempus fugit*. Sentence is given. Execution will shortly follow. Donovan is not the man. Find the writer if you can. Ha! ha! Starving tenants shall not perish for nothing." Mr. Sheil refused to take bail, and there was a "scene" in Court, the prisoner clinging to the dock, from which he was forcibly removed, amid the screams of some female friends who were present.

A CHARGE OF LIBEL has been preferred by the Treasurer of the British Imperial Sick Benefit Life Assurance Society against Mr. Charles Kearney, on whose behalf it is contended that his letter, which was sent to Mr. Jessop, superintendent of agents in Sheffield, was privileged, being written by a superior officer to a subordinate respecting another servant. The magistrate said he could not agree that a communication in which a man was called a scoundrel and a rascal, and accused of theft, could be privileged. He committed the defendant for trial, but admitted him to bail.

THE VALUE OF CITY LAND is known to be very great, and rapidly increasing, but figures quoted in a case of compensation for

compulsory sale by the Corporation, tried recently before Sir T. Chambers, are nevertheless astonishing. There was naturally a dispute as to the actual value of the freehold, but it was stated that it had been bought in 1857 for 2*l.* 15*s.* a foot, and the jury, in awarding the claimant 16,500*l.*, made their valuation on the basis that it is now worth 18*l.* 18*s.* a foot.

FORGETTING HERSELF.—The other day an amusing incident occurred at Bow Street Police Court during the hearing of a charge of uttering counterfeit money. One of the witnesses signed her deposition in a different name to that which she had given on entering the box, and on this being pointed out to her she apologised, and explained that she had written her maiden name, as "she had only been married a few weeks, and had forgotten herself."

A SINGULAR CHARGE was heard this week at the Middlesex Sessions, the defendant, a woman named Sarah Slow, being accused of attempting to obtain by false pretences certain money prizes at the Potters Bar Flower and Vegetable Exhibition in July last, it being alleged that her exhibits were not of her own growing, but had been supplied to her from a gentleman's garden in the neighbourhood. The case was a very long one, and at last the jury interposed with a verdict of "Not Guilty." Then ensued a wrangle between the prosecuting and the defending counsel, the former insisting on the right to reply and the latter demanding that the verdict should be recorded. The Judge ruled that the case must be heard to the end, and after this had been done, and the jury had been in consultation for an hour, it was announced that there was no probability of their agreeing. They were therefore discharged, and the case will be again tried next session.

THE MORGUE

THE Morgue has become an institution in which all Europe is interested. Every capital has its dead-house—in London almost every parish; but they none of them have the peculiar interest, rules, and influence of the Parisian mortuary. The obscure little building by the banks of the Seine, close under the shadow of Notre Dame, is unique in the morbid history of city life. It gives the sombre tints to the bright landscape of Parisian gaiety, and shows suicide and murder side by side with luxury and frivolity.

The name sounds as if it had a curious derivation. And so it has. Morgue, in old French dictionaries, is given for the equivalent of haughtiness and pride; but it had yet an older signification. It meant scrutiny and investigation. We are going back some centuries in the history of French prison life, when it was easier to get into gaol than it is now, and also easier to get out. The whim of a King might take the form of a *lettre de cachet*, and confinement followed with little further ceremony. But then in those days there were no photographers to make detection easy, and no telegrams to make it almost sure. So when a prisoner was brought into gaol, one of the first steps in the prison discipline was to send in all the turnkeys to stare at him. He might escape, and it would be well to provide for contingencies. Now this scrutiny was called La Morgue, and thus the room itself got the same name. But sometimes the dead bodies of malefactors would be brought in, and this especially took place at the great prison of the Châtelet. The Morgue of the Châtelet gradually swallowed up the similar institutions of other Parisian prisons, and became the great depository for human wails and strays who had lost or forfeited existence. The bodies were exhibited there, and if friends cared to claim them, the State was very willing to surrender possession. Otherwise what was to be done?

Old Paris was famous not only for its prisons but for its charities. Even in times of despotism and anarchy it is strange to see what a spring of kindness and goodness flowed over the land. A special Society was formed to take under its charge this most disagreeable of duties, and the members of the Society, or rather of the Order—for it was a religious one—consisted of women. The Sisters of Saint Catherine had, long before the existence of the Morgue, bound themselves to the duty of burying the bodies of suicides found on the banks of the Seine. A drearier task was put on the Order when, at the beginning of the present century, they undertook the duty of clearing away what remained after the inspection of friends and relatives.

This state of things continued up to the year 1804, when what was called the new building of the Morgue was erected, and its rules drawn up and made public. For three days the bodies remained exposed to view, and then, if unclaimed, were buried at midnight under an order of the Prefect of Police. All the papers connected with the case were deposited with this officer, only the clothes were publicly exhibited to assure identification, and yet, notwithstanding all these facilities, more than two thirds of the bodies so exposed remained unidentified, or at least unclaimed. A career that ends in suicide finds little sympathy, and hasty midnight burial is the last act of the sad drama.

The Morgue has its legends or its great events. The *employés* find their duties monotonous at times, but such an institution deals in sensation cases, in mystery, and in crime. In 1721 the corpse of a soldier was found in the streets, horribly and maliciously mutilated, with a strange piece of MS. thrust into the hand. The inscription told that this was the body of Jean l'Abaty (John the murdered man), who had met the fate he merited, as would those who followed in his steps. Here was a strange tragedy for which no clue was forthcoming. The body was taken to the Morgue; crowds daily thronged round it, but there was no one to identify or to throw light. Long afterwards the truth was known. The murdered man belonged to the gang of the famous Cartouche, who then suspected treachery, as he knew the police were on his track. He gave rendezvous to the young man at night in a deserted quarter of the town, and there the gang set upon him, and the murder was leisurely accomplished. On another occasion the Morgue was the scene of popular indignation that almost reached to a tumult. The Parisian public assembling to gratify a morbidly developed curiosity found one morning the corpses of sixteen little children all laid out for scrutiny. The ages were about the same, and ranged from three to four years. Here, indeed, was a mystery that might seem insoluble. But the explanation came. The famous anatomist, Joseph Hunault, was the cause of all this popular excitement and indignation. He collected these bodies for anatomical purposes, and had deposited them with a friendly brother surgeon interested keenly in scientific research. But in the absence of the professors the police had got a hint of foul play (there was in reality none), and had transported all the evidence of supposed crime to the Morgue. The storehouse of crime and misery is sometimes (according to its records) the scene of much unfounded suspicion. A dead body picked up in a box, and with the flesh curiously browned, as if it had been boiled or baked, was discovered at Fontainebleau, and sent on to the Morgue. Paris was all in wild excitement at a strange murder so effected that identification was almost impossible. And yet the body was in the end traced. A traveller who had just come from Cairo recognised the corpse as a mummy which he had bought at a large figure, and transported with the greatest care. He told his story, but was rewarded by immediate arrest. The supposed murderer and his victim, who had died some thousands of years previously, were confronted before the lieutenant of police, and science had to be resorted to before innocence could be established. The Parisians soon were as much amused as they had been indignant, and a sagacious dramatist, keen for a taking subject, put the whole incident on the stage.

The irony of fate supplies some very strange victims to the great deadhouse of Paris. In May, 1839, two bodies were

(Continued on page 242.)



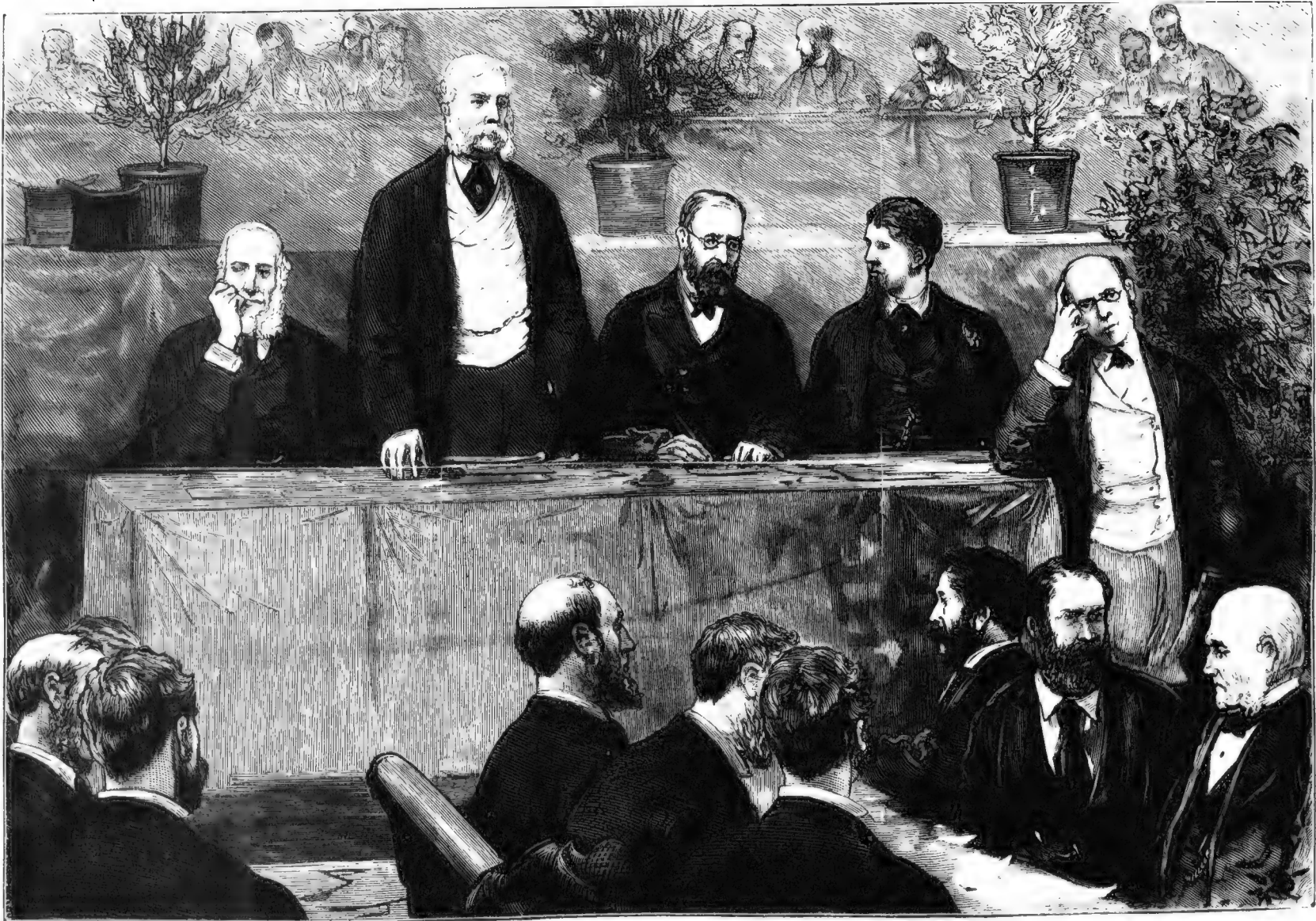
“Dacă statele pe nave ar porni către Bosfor,
Ar eși iute Sultanul cu ciubucu 'n fația lor.”

“If the navies of the Powers go to the Bosphorus the Sultan would
go out to meet them to see what was going on.”

“Inșă când să 'l nimicească ele s'ar încăera
Și atunci nu să scie ce se poate întâmpla.”

“Nevertheless when it all comes to nought he jumps up and down,
and says no one can ever tell what will happen.”

TURKEY AND THE POWERS — ROUMANIAN CARICATURES OF THE PROPOSED NAVAL DEMONSTRATION



Mr. Murray of Galasbiels, President of the South of Scotland Chamber

Mr. Whitwell, M.P. (President)

Mr. J. Hole, Secretary

Mr. E. W. Fithian, Assistant-Secretary

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE AT HAWICK



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

Lancelot and Winifred leaned, side by side, upon the parapet.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER LVIII.

WEDDING BELLS

"DID I not prophecy that my dearest Winifred would be Lady Brackenbury, after all? My child, I knew it as well as if I had peeped into the Book of the Future!"

"How could you know what I did not know myself?" said Winifred, laughing and colouring.

"Having eyes, my dear, and not being in the habit of going about with them shut, like the majority of my friends and neighbours, how could I help seeing a drama that was enacted under my very nose? And yet, when you overwhelmed me with that outburst of virtuous indignation. . . . Ah, that was the very day when you pinned that five-pound note to Baby's cot, you darling!—as if I could ever forget it! And we thought some fairy godmother had come down the chimney! Do you remember how angry you were with poor me, and how I begged for forgiveness? . . . but there! I am too happy to care to tease you. I declare, I was never half so happy in my life! How good it is to see you again! Missed you?"

"To say that I have missed you, is to convey no idea of the gap your absence has made in my little world; and as for the children. . . . Well, my dear, it has been enough to make any mother jealous! However, here you are—the same dear Winifred; and here am I, happier and more prosperous than I ever expected to be in this world. Now shall I tell you when I missed you most, dear?—when our great good fortune befel us. After having pelted you for years with all my worries and grievances, it did seem hard not to be able to go to you with my joy and my gratitude—not to be able to say to you, 'See all that your noble Lancelot has done for us!' And now he crowns it by bringing us to Munich for your wedding! Why, my dear, we had no more notion of coming here than you had of seeing us! But Lord Brackenbury insisted that you would like Derwent to perform the ceremony, and that the change would do us all the good in the world; and—here we are! It couldn't have happened at a better moment, you see; for we had done thank Heaven! with the Caldicotts; and the new church on the moor cannot be opened till the fall of the year; and baby is just weaned; and we have been able to pack off the children *en masse* to my sister Barbara at Chester; so we really had our time free for a holiday. And then, there was your trousseau! I confess I did long to be with you when you should open the boxes—five of them, my dear, and full of such beautiful things! Nothing ostentatious, you know—nothing extravagant; but all of the very best. There is a morning-robe of pearl-grey Indian cashmere lined with salmon-pink, and trimmed with old Abruzzi lace, that brought tears of spite

to Mrs. Caldicott's eyes when she saw it! And as for the under-linen, all marked with your initials in cypher surmounted by an angelic little coronet. . . . Well, I can't trust myself to speak of it in vulgar prose. The Castelrosso herself, at all events, has none more exquisite. The one thing that has grieved me is your wedding-dress. I had set my heart on white satin—that creamy white which Rubens and Vandyke painted, you know, with gold-coloured reflections in the folds! It was a blow to me, to be tied down to a plain white *gros-grain*. But you would have it so; and I could only submit, under protest. Then, to be candid, I must say I think the affair ought to come off at the British Embassy—people in your position, you know. . . . Ah, well, the circumstances, of course, are exceptional; but for all that, I cannot help wishing the marriage wasn't going to be so dreadfully private!"

"Now tell me some of your own news," said Winifred, when Mrs. Pennfeather, punctuating her discourse at arbitrary intervals with hugs and kisses, stopped at last from sheer want of breath.

"Happy is the nation, my dear, that has no history. I have no news of my own, except what you know already; and that is as good as it can well be. Our troubles are all over, and we have begun to live happy ever after. The Hermitage? No—we have not yet given up The Hermitage, because we don't know how soon our beautiful new Vicarage will be ready for occupation; but we have shut the house up, serenely conscious that there's nothing in it which the least ambitious burglar would care to steal. If only the children keep well, and Barbara will submit to be bored by them for a few weeks longer, I hope to get Derwent in the mind to go back by way of the Rhine and Brussels. It has been one of my dreams to see the Rhine—the castled crag of Drachenfels, you know, and 'the peasant-girls with deep-blue eyes,' and all the rest of it. Do for the scene of a novel? Ah, no! my dear; once settled on Burfield Moor, I shall have something better to do than to write third-rate novels for second-rate publishers. Oh, I have never deceived myself as to the worth of my own productions! They are nothing but pot-boilers, my dear—pot-boilers of the thorny and brambly sort, crackling dismally under a pot which never had too much in it. Some day, perhaps, years to come, when the children are grown up, and I have discovered the true meaning and application of that obscure word, 'Leisure,' I may write one more story—just to show people that, after all, I am not quite such a fool as they take me for. But for literature, leisure and industry in equal parts is your only genuine prescription. What good book was ever written under pressure of haste and poverty? It's all very well to talk of necessity being the mother of invention; but I never found a sedimentary deposit of pure fiction at the

bottom of a file of unpaid bills, or drew deep draughts of romantic inspiration from an empty larder! No, my dear Winifred, I have done with novel-writing as a drudgery; and if ever I take it up again, it shall be as a luxury. But what were we talking about—news? Well, I have none of my own, and none of my neighbours'; that is to say, none worth repeating. You know, of course, that Viscount Frenchay is dead—the horrid old reprobate! Such a funeral as they gave him, too! Plumes and trappings, and all the panoply of humbug, with seventeen private carriages bringing up the rear! But such is fashionable woe. Instead of shedding tears for you, Society sheds carriages. Then there's Lady Symes, just returned from London, as old—and as young—as ever; looking as if she might have been born any time between the Mammiferous Period and the day before yesterday. She called to congratulate us upon Derwent's preferment; and did it, of course, as spitefully as ever she knew how. 'You'll be buried alive, Mrs. Pennfeather,' she said; 'but then, you know, the man who wants to live at peace with his neighbours must inhabit a desert island. You'll at all events be out of the way of such tiresome people as myself.' To which I replied that even the advantages of premature interment would be dearly purchased at the price of her ladyship's visits. She inquired after you, and I told her you were still in Munich; and then she said that Mr. Fink and the Countess had last been heard of at Constantinople, and were not expected home before Midsummer. Now I think I have told you all the gossip of Langtreys and its neighbourhood."

This conversation—or, more correctly, this monologue—took place in an upper chamber of the Hotel Maulick where Lancelot had retained rooms for his guests. And his guests Mr. and Mrs. Pennfeather were to be as long as they remained in Munich.

They stayed just one fortnight; at the end of which time Lancelot Brackenbury and Winifred Savage were married one morning in the Bavarian Protestant Chapel; then an ugly little red brick building in a by-street opening from the Schranen-Platz, in the Old Quarter of the city. Mr. Pennfeather read the service; Pastor Kreutzmann gave the bride away; and Kätchen and Brenda did duty as bridesmaids. Guests, musicians, cards, rejoicings, there were none. Not even the marriage of Cesare Donato and Giulietta Ileni was more absolutely private.

In the meanwhile, carefully as their secret had been guarded by the high contracting parties, it leaked out somehow or another, up in the "North Countree;" and, despite all Lancelot's precautions, the bells of Brackenbury and Singleton rang at joyous intervals throughout his wedding-day.

CHAPTER LIX.

AT THE OLD VILLA

"It is useless. The place is gone to ruin, and deserted."
"Ring once more, at all events!" said the lady in the carriage to the gentleman at the gate.

"I have done nothing but ring once more for the last quarter of an hour. However, to oblige you, I will begin again."

And again he pulled furiously at the iron chain; and again they heard the prolonged pealing of a distant bell.

It was a narrow road, closed in by high white walls and overshadowed by the meeting boughs of acacias, laburnums, and mulberry-trees growing in private grounds on either side. The carriage—a hired one, drawn by a pair of active little Neapolitan hacks—waited at the entrance to what looked like a large villa standing in a considerable space of neglected shrubbery. The rusty gates showed traces of faded gilding. The semi-circular area in front of these gates, and the carriage-drive within, were grass-grown and weedy. The house, or as much of it as was visible between the trees, looked rambling, dingy, and dilapidated.

"One might ring till Doomsday!" said the gentleman, after another impatient attack upon the bell.

"But if there is really a custode?" . . .

"If there is really a custode, that custode must be out, asleep, or dead; and in either case, I submit that it is sheer waste of time to wait for him any longer. We must drive over another day, and hope for better fortune."

Then, turning to the driver, he said, with his hand on the carriage-door—"Back to Sorrento."

But as he put his foot on the step, a little bare-footed, brown-skinned girl with black locks flying, came racing to the gate. She carried a big key which she was only just tall enough to put into the lock, and which, with both little hands, she had scarcely strength to turn.

"Are you the custode?" asked the Englishman, smiling.

Showing a double row of glittering teeth, the small girl shook her head and explained how her father kept the keys, and how, after running all over the house to look for him, she had at last found him in the grounds, attending upon another party of visitors.

"Nobody has been to look over the villa for more than a year," she said, chattering away with the easy volubility of a woman of forty. "But Ecco!—it is always like that, you know—the net comes in empty, or it breaks through with the fish." The villa is to be let furnished or unfurnished. It contains twenty-six rooms, besides kitchens, offices, and stables; and the situation is the best in Castellamare. *Vossignorie* will be pleased to come round to the kitchen entrance; the big doors are locked."

They followed her down a path leading to the back of the house, and across a paved yard, in the middle of which there was a draw-well surmounted by a picturesque wrought-iron canopy. It was a neglected, forlorn-looking place; grass growing between the stones underfoot; window panes cracked; shutters hanging from broken hinges; paint blistered; cocks and hens scratching about on heaps of vegetable refuse which looked as if they might have been accumulating for years. Entering the house by a side-door and leaving to the left a room whence issued a confused steam of washing, cooking, and garlic, the strangers followed their guide along a stone passage, through a vaulted corridor, and into a spacious hall paved with black and white marble. Here a fine double staircase supported on massive scagliola columns led to a gallery from which the upper rooms opened; while, through a central sky-light, a flood of sunshine streamed down upon the pavement.

"This is the hall you told me about, Lancelot—the hall in which your people used to dance the Salterella by torchlight!" whispers the lady, clinging more closely to her husband's arm. "You described it to me on Christmas Eve—do you remember?"

Silently, sadly, he looks round. His thoughts have gone back to the far past, and he is slow to answer.

"Yes; I remember."

The stairs, the balustrades, the walls, are coated with dust. The marble floor is grimed like a street pavement; and in every corner and nook, and behind every pillar, lie drifted heaps of dead leaves, straws, scraps of torn paper, and the like.

"*Vossignorie* will be pleased to take the trouble to follow me," says the small girl, darting forward to fling open a lofty door, and rattling off her lesson with eager self-importance. "The reception-rooms are all on the ground-floor. The ceilings are from mythological designs by Pietro di Cortona; the rooms are named after the subjects of the frescoes. We are now in the Saloon of Diana. Here one sees the goddess attired by her nymphs—yonder she pursues the wild boar; in the third compartment, she returns with the trophies of the chase. The dogs are painted by a German artist, and are considered very fine. The next room is the Saloon of Mars."

But this was too much for Lancelot Brackenbury's patience.

"Enough, my little maiden," he said, abruptly. "I know it all. I have been here before."

The small guide was silenced, but incredulous. She was eight years old, and had lived in the empty villa as long as she could remember. All who came to view the place she had seen; but these two she had never seen. She fell back, however, and followed instead of leading.

They went on from room to room; from the Saloon of Diana to the Saloon of Venus, from the Saloon of Venus to the Saloon of Apollo—huge, echoing, melancholy apartments big enough for concert rooms, with floors of mixed tesserae in coloured marbles, like petrified *pâté de foie gras*. Here mirrors black with dust alternated upon the walls with panels of faded arabesques, while all the gods of Olympus sprawled overhead on dingy clouds, or disported themselves in landscapes of blue and green. Most of these rooms were quite bare; but in one or two there were pyramidal heaps of furniture draped with dusty sheets which took fantastic forms, and looked as if they might cover funeral pyres and heaps of slain.

"Did you ever see anything so mournful?" said Lancelot. "It is like a house desolated by plague! And yet, somehow, I would rather see it like this—empty and dilapidated—than modernised out of recognition, and full of alien faces. I could almost fancy now that no one has lived here since we left the place sixteen years ago."

Then, turning to the child who was following close at their heels, he asked how long the house had been untenanted.

This, however, she did not, or would not, know. It had been empty for some time—two years, perhaps; possibly three. Her father would be here presently, and could answer the Signore's questions. Would the Signore in the meanwhile be pleased to take the trouble to visit the rooms upstairs?

He shook his head.

"There is nothing to see overhead but suite after suite of bed-rooms," he said, addressing himself to Winifred. "But if you don't mind climbing a good many stairs, I should like to show you the view from the loggia in the tower. No—this way. It is nearer to cross the terrace than to go back through the hall."

So saying, he led the way to a side-room opening from the Saloon of Apollo, and decorated with panels of *fêtes champêtres* in the Watteau style.

"This," he said, undoing the fastenings of a window that opened on a paved terrace beyond, "was my mother's boudoir. It faces, you see, to the south. She lived upon sunshine. Sometimes, when she was well enough, poor darling! her couch was carried outside, and placed under the orange trees—there used to be a row of them,

in tubs, all along the terrace. Sixteen years ago! . . . It seems like yesterday."

The terrace—decorated at intervals with sculptured vases full of trailing ivy—overlooked a desolate garden laid out in formal beds, where flowers and weeds ran wild. Beyond the garden, all was lawn and shrubbery, with distant glimpses of the harbour of Castellamare.

Still going first, Lancelot went on to a door at the further end of the terrace. It stood ajar, and admitted them to a basement chamber, used apparently as a storehouse for garden lumber. Hence, by a staircase with many landings, they made their way to a loggia under the roof. This loggia, open on all sides and surrounded by a parapet, commanded a view which is certainly one of the most beautiful, and is perhaps the most famous, in the world. The crescent bay, purple and emerald under the rocky headlands, bluer than the bluest summer sky out in the open, lay outstretched before them, from Miseno to Sorrento. Ischia and Procida, bathed in sun-mist, slept like cloud-islands on the Western horizon. Naples, and the scattered villages between Portici and Torre dell' Annunziata, gleamed like a string of scattered pearls along "the beached margin of the sea;" while Vesuvius, rising out of verdure into barrenness, gathering villages, vineyards, and corn-slopes in the folds of her mighty mantle, lifted her fire-smitten cone and plume of faint brown smoke against the stainless sky. So still, so distant was the scene, that not even the tiny steamer crossing from Naples to Sorrento seemed in motion. The fishing barks with transverse sails gleaming here and there against the blue, looked like sea-birds asleep on the waters. Not even the floating island of tunny-nets guarded, nearer shore, by a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, betrayed the faintest sign of groundswell from beneath. All was as fixed, as placid, as unreal, as a painted panorama.

Lancelot and Winifred leaned, side by side, upon the parapet. Long and silently they gazed on sea and shore, island and mountain and sky. For weeks they had been wandering together, wedded and lovers, happy with the first happiness of perfect union. Together they had plucked the myrtle blooms in the pillared shade of *Ægina*; together listened to the murmuring of the bees on the thyme-tufted slopes of *Hymettus*, and to the nightingales singing at midday in the pomegranate thickets on the banks of *Ilissus*. By moonlight they had trodden the drifted petals of the frail dog-rose in the marble porticoes of the Acropolis at Athens, lingered at sunset in the temple solitudes of *Girgenti*, and gathered purple asphodel in the plains of *Pæstum*. Colour and form and light, splendour of morn and even, pathos of ruin, and the tender grace of a vanished past, had been with them at every stage in their pilgrimage; but neither in Greece, nor in Sicily, nor on the lone shores of *Posidonia*, had they stayed to look upon a scene more fair than this. It was no new scene, either; for they were staying now at Sorrento, and saw it from their windows every day.

"Is it ever anything but summer here?" asked Winifred, dreamily.

"I am sorry to say, it is occasionally winter. I have seen leaden skies, and persistent rains, and even fogs and frosts, in this fairland of roses and sunshine. I have seen *Vesuvius* white with snow, like a smoky bride-cake."

"And you have seen *Vesuvius* in eruption, too!" she said, quickly.

"Well, that is a rather forcible way of expressing it," he answered, smiling. "I have seen showers of red-hot stones and cinders, followed now and then by a fiery streak of lava; but that is only what every Neapolitan sees twice or thrice a year. We don't call those little freaks and spurts by so fine a name as eruptions."

"I wish the mountain would be pleased to indulge in a freak before we go away," said Winifred.

Lancelot pulled out his field-glass, and scanned the summit long and critically.

"I think it not impossible that your wish may be gratified," he said, handing her the glass. "Do you see those patches of pale yellow about the mouth of the crater? That is fresh sulphur: and we used to observe that a deposit of fresh sulphur pretty surely indicated a coming display of fireworks. In the meanwhile, however, if we are to make the ascent of the mountain, we had better do it within the next day or two."

"Oh, but I should like best to go up when there is something to be seen!" she said eagerly.

"You would not like to be stifled by sulphur-fumes and peppered with red-hot stones?" said Lancelot. "At all events, I should not like it for you. Besides, you have no idea" . . .

He broke off abruptly.

"Look there!" he said, in an altered voice.

Following the direction of his eyes, Winifred saw three persons—a lady and gentleman, accompanied by a gardener in a blouse—crossing a space of open lawn between the trees, about a quarter of a mile away.

CHAPTER LX.

THE OTHER PARTY

LANCELOT stood looking fixedly at the three figures in the garden below.

"It is the custode, showing the other party over the grounds," said Winifred.

"Give me the glass."

He put out his hand for it without turning his head; adjusted, and turned it upon "the other party."

"They came down the orange-walk," he said, more to himself, as it seemed, than to his wife. "They are going up to the knoll—for the view."

"It cannot be so fine as from here," said Winifred.

Then, observing the intentness with which he continued to watch these strangers, she looked at them again.

There was nothing remarkable in their appearance. The gentleman wore a dark blue suit, and a navy cap with a gold band. The lady looked slight and girlish. They were more than a quarter of a mile away, as the crow flies; and their faces were turned towards the sea. Slowly they crossed the open; slowly they climbed the little knoll, and there stood, looking over the bay. Winifred saw the man take a small telescope from his pocket, carefully regulate it, and hand it to his companion. He seemed to be directing her attention towards *Vesuvius*.

"I wonder if they are looking at those sulphur-patches," she said.

Lancelot shut the glass up with a click, and thrust it into the sling-case at his side.

"Let us go down," he said, quickly. "We have been here long enough; and—and I want to show you the grounds. Do you mind?"

Winifred did not mind. She would fain have lingered awhile longer; but, seeing that he was impatient to be gone, she said nothing. So they went down the stairs, and along the terrace, and instead of retracing their steps through the house, made straight for the neglected flower-garden below.

"There is nothing to see here," said Lancelot. "That *cippus*?—a poor thing! we can look at it as we return. I am taking you to the orange-walk, dearest one—this way!"

He had often spoken to her of the orange-walk; and she knew that it was the scene of some of his earliest and dearest memories. And now—a close *berceau* of fragrant shade studded with clusters of green and golden oranges—it opened before her eyes.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" she said. "It is like the garden of

Aladdin. Let us go slowly. Stay! there is a seat yonder. Shall we not rest a little while in this enchanted place?"

But still he hastened.

"As we return, dearest," he said again; "as we return!"

They emerged from the green tunnel into the blue day. They crossed the open sward, and turned in the direction of the little knoll; now open and solitary in the sun.

Almost running, Lancelot made for the slope, and there stood, looking round. Presently, the man in the blouse emerged from a laurel-thicket some few hundred yards away. Hobbling towards them, he apologised, cap in hand, for not waiting upon them sooner. He had been attending, he said, upon another party.

"But what has become of your other party?"

"They came by water, Signore—having left their boat at the landing-place below. I have let them out by a side-door which opens upon a path cut in the cliff."

"Yes, yes, I know—the path that leads down to the sea. Is the door locked? Quick!—give me the key."

The man stared—a pallid, sickly fellow with a club-foot, which dragged painfully behind him as he limped along.

"*Scusate*, Signore," he said, civilly. "I am forbidden to let my keys out of my own hands; but I will let you through with pleasure."

Limping, he led the way along a walk masked on one side by a laurel fence, and bounded on the other by a lofty wall. This path ended in a door opening upon a grassy platform, below which a path, cut here and there into steps, wound down the face of the cliff.

"Wait here for me, Winifred," said Lancelot, as the custode turned the key. "I have a fancy to see in which direction those people are gone.—No, no!—don't follow me. The steps are shallow and slippery. Stay where you are."

Shallow and slippery though they were, his own foot was swift and true. Springing from ledge to ledge as fearlessly and familiarly as if no sixteen years had fled since last he trod that perilous way, he made straight for a jutting shelf of rock some sixty or seventy feet below. From this point, all the windings of the downward path, and the coast-line for half a mile or so, were open to view. The post-road from Castellamare to Sorrento ran between the base of the cliffs and the sea. To the left, it vanished round a bold headland, on the shoulder of which a gang of quarrymen were at work. To the right, it descended at a gradual incline, and was lost to sight behind the little promontory, or Molo, which here encloses the harbour of Castellamare.

Shading his eyes with his hand, the young man looked up and down the road, and up and down the path, and saw only the quarrymen on the cliff-side, and a peasant driving a mule along the dusty thoroughfare below.

What had become of that "other party?"

They left their boat at the landing-place; so said the custode. Where, then, was the boat? Surely the landing-place ought to be visible from here! Or was it hidden by that group of water-washed rocks over which the surf was foaming? This he could not remember.

Doubting whether to go on or to wait, he stood hesitating. If he went on, he would lose sight of the rocks and of that spot where the landing-place must lie hidden. If he remained up here, he should at least make sure of seeing the boat put off from shore.

All at once, he saw a man out upon the rocks; a sailor, with open shirt-collar and knotted kerchief flying in the breeze. Heedless of spray and surf, the fellow leaped from crag to crag, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, as if shouting, and waving his broad-brimmed straw hat above his head. Then, presently, he clambered down, hand under hand, and dropped apparently into an unseen boat below. Yet a moment or two, and the boat itself emerged into sight some hundred yards or so farther on; a ship's boat, manned by six blue-jackets and a steersman. In the stern seat, still with their backs towards the shore and their faces towards Naples, sat the two strangers—the lady in her brown hat and drooping feather; the gentleman with his gold-laced cap.

Lancelot watched them through his glass. He looked, as it were, right down into the boat, and upon the upturned faces of the rowers. They were pulling straight from shore; as straight as if bound for the opposite side of the bay. Once clear of the surf, their oars rose and fell with the precision of clockwork. Every moment, the strip of blue widened between them and the rocks; every moment, the boat seemed to diminish, and their faces to become less distinct.

Now they alter their course, bearing away in the direction of Portici; and now he moves—he in the gold-laced cap . . . Will he look back? No; he stoops to fold a rug about his lady's feet! He bends towards her, as if in earnest conversation . . . he rests his arm on the back of the seat . . .

"Lancelot!"

So far away already! The features of the rowers are no longer distinguishable . . .

"Lancelot!—give me your hand. I am afraid to go back . . . and I am afraid to go forward!"

He flung the glass upon the sward, and ran to help her.

"Disobedient wife! Did I not tell you to stay where you were?"

"What woman ever yet did as she was bidden?"

"Take care! The steps are broken away . . . So!—now you are safe. But what possessed you to venture down alone?"

"What possessed me? The spirit of mutiny—of curiosity—of jealousy."

"Jealousy?"

"Why not? Do you suppose that I have none in my composition? Ah! how little you know me! I could be as green-eyed as Othello, if you gave me cause. But what has become of your innamorata?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is she gone? Have Calypso and Odysseus changed places, and has the enchantress sailed away, leaving the hero disconsolate? Is that her golden galley?"

Laughing, she snatched up the field-glass, and followed the course of the boat.

"Come," she said; "you may as well make a clean breast of it. Where did you meet her? What is her name? Above all, is she pretty?"

They had again changed their course, and were making, apparently, for some point between Castellamare and Torre dell' Annunziata. Already the boat was so far distant, that Lancelot could barely distinguish the rowers from the rowed. And yet . . . if Winifred had not taken possession of the glass. . . .

"You will not tell me whether she is pretty? Decidedly, you mean to make me jealous!"

"My dearest girl, if it were not altogether too ridiculous—"

"Well, if it were not altogether too ridiculous—what then?"

"Then I would tell you that I have never, to my knowledge, seen that lady's face; that I don't know whether she is young or old, plain or pretty!"

"You expect me to believe that?"

"I expect you to believe whatever I say—seriously."

And again his eyes wandered to the boat; now so small that it looked like some kind of six-legged insect paddling along the face of the waters.

"It was not the lady who attracted my attention; but her companion. He reminded me of—of a fellow I used to know—years ago—in my old student-days. . . .

"In Paris?"

"But it was only a chance resemblance! Shall we go up again?" He helped her back, step by step, till they reached the upper level. Here the lame custode awaited them.

"Who were those people?" Lancelot asked carelessly. "Where do they come from?"

The man shook his head. They were strangers; he knew nothing of them.

"Are there any private yachts or ships of war stationed at Castellamare?"

No; there was nothing of the kind. Some six or eight merchant craft, he believed, were lying just now in the harbour; but as for ships of war, they had not seen so much as a gun-boat in these waters for the last ten years.

Then they went back slowly; resting awhile in the orange-walk, and turning aside to look at a little *casino*, the walls of which were encrusted with fragments of inscriptions and bas-reliefs discovered among the foundations of a Roman villa which once occupied the site of the present residence.

"And now, dear, you have seen it all—the house in which I was born; the gardens, the orange-walk, the old cliff-path by which we went up and down so often—Cuthbert and I! He kept his boat at Castellamare; but it used to be brought round every morning to the landing-place yonder. There was one cranny in the cliff, I remember—lower down than where we stood just now—in which an acanthus had taken root. It flowered every summer. I wonder if it grows there still! . . . Ah, well! I am not sorry to have seen the old place once more; but never again—never again!"

With a sigh, he gathered a sprig of myrtle and put it in his purse; and presently they were rattling along the coast-road, in a cloud of dust, on their way back to Sorrento.

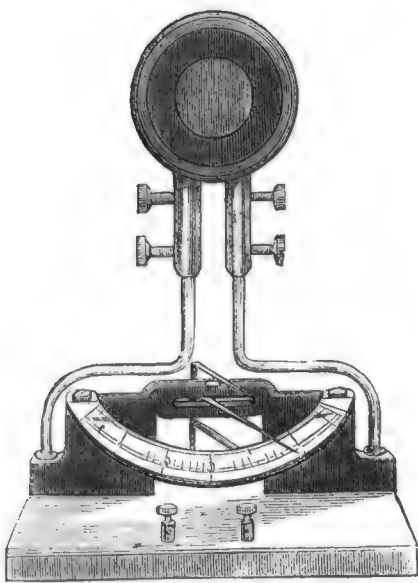
But Lancelot was silent and thoughtful all the rest of that day.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

VARIOUS methods for detecting and measuring minute differences of temperature have from time to time been devised. The common thermometer, sensitive as it appears to be, is quite useless for determining those extremely small variations of temperature with which physiologists and others are constantly called upon to deal. The instrument commonly used for this purpose is the Thermo-Electric Pile, and the form most generally known is that invented by Melloni. It consists of a series of bars of bismuth and antimony soldered together in pairs. The instrument is joined up with a galvanometer, and the minutest accession of heat is recorded by a movement of the galvanometer needle. The arrangement is so sensitive that the heat radiated by such remote bodies as the fixed stars has been detected by its aid.

Although this method is undoubtedly effective, the two instruments by which it is carried out are complex in construction, and very expensive for the purses of poor students. The introduction of a new instrument, combining both thermo-pile and galvanometer in an inexpensive form, will therefore be hailed with delight by many. The creation of this new instrument is due to Mr. R. W. Kidout, who has before devised other means of lightening and simplifying the work of the scientist.



In the annexed cut the thermo-pile is seen at the top of the instrument. It consists of only one pair of elements, instead of the thirty or more usually employed. These two elements, consisting of a bar of antimony, and another of bismuth, are in contact with a disc of thin copper about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Below, and between the rods supporting the thermo-pile, is the galvanometer. This part of the instrument is also much simplified, and is an adaptation of the form of galvanometer introduced some time ago by Mr. Ridout, and known as the "Akribetic." Its chief merit lies in the peculiar way in which the needle is hung. Instead of depending from a fibre passed through an opening in the top of the coil, it is balanced upon a point, the coil remaining entire and compact. By this means great sensitiveness is secured with a very small quantity of wire on the coil. This arrangement also saves much time in the preliminary work of levelling which, in the older form of galvanometer, is quite a serious undertaking. The cost of the instrument, which is made by Mr. Browning, represents a saving of about sixty per cent.

It is said that celluloid has lately been employed with some success in France as a substitute for the metal commonly used for stereotyping. This celluloid is a mixture of gun cotton and camphor prepared at a certain temperature, the result being a compound which it is difficult to tell from ivory. It is much used for handles of knives, brushes, &c., and has been proposed as an insulator for electrical instruments. Its chief drawbacks seem to lie in its unstable character and in its extreme inflammability—although the latter fault can be corrected by a coating of silicate of soda. Its suitability for the purposes of stereotyping can only be proved by time.

An interesting account of the method of compressing steel adopted at Barrow was lately given in a paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers by Mr. A. Davis. The occurrence of flaws and other evidences of unsoundness both in iron and steel castings has long been a source of trouble to manufacturers, and was lately brought prominently before the public during the inquiry relating to the Tay Bridge disaster. The unsoundness may be traced to bubbles of gas in the liquid metal, and also to unequal contraction during the cooling process. These difficulties seem to have been obviated by very simple means. Directly the ingot mould is filled with the molten metal, a lid is fastened upon it,

having attached a pipe from a steam boiler. A cock is then opened, and the steam at a high pressure is allowed to act upon the metal until it has set. This method, which gives most satisfactory results, is at present only applied to Bessemer ingots. But the author of the paper recommends that it might be adopted with advantage for all kinds of castings, and more particularly for heavy guns.

Those who were watching on the 12th of August for the usual display of meteors were much disappointed, for very few of those luminous visitors were to be seen. But from many parts of the country come reports of the extreme brilliancy of the Aurora seen both on that evening and since. Should these displays continue much may be added to our knowledge of the Aurora by the help of the spectroscope. Many observers are now turning their attention to the subject.

"Puffing Billy" seems at last to be threatened with more than one rival. The employment of compressed air for working tramcars is fast gaining ground, and is about to be adopted on an extensive scale in the French capital. In the mean time electric railways are occupying the attention of engineers. In Berlin the well-known firm of Siemens and Halske has laid a scheme before the municipality, which seems to embrace the entire railway system surrounding that city. Our friends across the Atlantic are, of course, not behind the age, and several miles of a railroad in New Jersey are set apart for experiments in the new system. If these are successful the elevated railway in New York is to be worked by electric agency.

At a recent meeting of the Balloon Society arrangements were concluded for an interesting aeronautical competition which is to take place this day (Saturday). No less than eight balloons are to start at the same hour—namely, five P.M., from as many different points of London, the one which covers the greatest distance in ninety minutes to earn for its conductor a silver medal. Each balloonist is to be accompanied by a gentleman to take scientific observations, but it is difficult to see how any valuable records can be made in such a short space of time, and in the hurry inseparable from the endeavour to win a race. It is hardly likely that anything will be discovered which has been overlooked in the many ascents which have been undertaken for purely scientific purposes by Mr. Glaisher in this country, and by M. Tissandier and others in France. The only point which such combined operations may perhaps settle is the disputed one of the existence of currents of varying direction at different altitudes. If the competing balloons are so ballasted that they rise to different heights, this point may at last be set at rest.

The revived interest which in this country has lately been shown in aeronautics may be traced to the proposal to use balloons in the projected Arctic exploration scheme. Those who have watched the preliminaries of an ascent in London, where the gas is laid on from the works, and where every facility exists to promote success, must be struck with the numbers of men employed and the skilled labour entailed. It is difficult to imagine the success of a similar operation carried on with the gas to be made, and the temperature far below zero.

T. C. H.



"EROS: FOUR TALES" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—The four tales published together under the very comprehensive title of "Eros" are from the pens of four separate authors, all of considerable distinction in the world of fiction—the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Sarah Tytler, Miss E. Butt (author of "Christmas Roses"), and Miss B. M. Butt (author of "Miss Molly"). In order to make a show of unity in motive and intention, the writers have adopted a general motto as well as a general title, and each, with one exception, has introduced a particular precious stone into the plot or title of his or her story wherewith to make up "a crown of life" in which Love shall be seen to be the brightest jewel. But, except for this rather forced piece of fancy, by no means artistically developed, the tales are really as distinct as if their appearance in the same two volumes were entirely accidental and without any link of union. They are certainly love stories, but not more distinctly so than are stories in general; and, except in one instance, the given jewel has merely a formal part to play. All are above the ordinary level of short tales in point of interest, style, and general character. Mr. Wingfield's is called "For Good or Evil?"—a page torn from the "Life of the Grand Monarque" hangs upon a fatal and mysterious talisman of green galactite combined with a diamond in the setting, and has a good deal to say incidentally about the cabalistic mysteries of jewels in general. The authoress of "Christmas Roses" has named her excellent contribution "Sapphire—Truth." Sarah Tytler's, called "Lord Fleurs' Champion," takes more note of the suggestiveness of flowers than of gems. By no means the least effective of the four is Miss B. M. Butt's Jacobite romance entitled, inappropriately enough, "Pearls—Tears." It would probably prove exceedingly attractive in a dramatic form, and is, as it stands, a remarkably powerful piece of tragedy. The whole book is noteworthy as an exceptionally able contribution to minor fiction.

"Hartleigh Towers: a Story of English Life," by Mrs. Milne Rae (3 vols.: W. Isbister).—Mrs. Rae's intentions are so eminently praiseworthy, and her views of right and wrong so earnest and sound, that it seems hard to be obliged to find fault with her for want of power in enforcing them. Unfortunately, the art of imagining interesting characters by no means implies the much more needful art of making them interesting. The principal impression left upon the mind by "Hartleigh Towers" is that it has been most conscientiously written for the benefit of those who are certain to find it simply long and dull; while those—and they are by no means few—who find no book long or dull so long as it expresses their own views, will stand in no need of its teachings. Religion, both spiritual and practical, occupies a large space, considering that the work does not profess the character of a religious novel, and it is throughout of a thoroughly healthy kind; but Mrs. Rae is far too prone to run into the style of the tract, even when she is simply describing or moralising. Her story is inconsequent and rambling; her characters by no means conventional, but decidedly vague and confused. Nor is the English in which it is written always of the purest kind. Nevertheless all credit must be given to Mrs. Rae for excellence and seriousness of purpose, and for having deserved success by conscientious work which will no doubt be duly appreciated by those who judge of fiction on other than artistic or literary grounds.

"Under the Rose: a Prose Idyll," by Mrs. Herbert Davy (1 vol.: Samuel Tinsley).—The much-abused title of "Idyll" has been seldom worse bestowed than upon a story which deals with a county election as its principal incident. The hero is a wonderful genius of humble origin—said to be a poet, in spite of certain specimens of his verse which, under the circumstances, are too rashly given—who very stupidly lets himself be cheated out of the high-born heiress to whom he is engaged, and, to comfort himself, becomes a great and famous painter in an incredibly short time, without any discoverable training. He belongs to the school which treats painting, poetry, and music as if they were all the same thing; and is selected by a great nobleman to represent a county in the House of Commons on the very original ground that "he is, our representative in Art, and for her he will do all." Unaided, and without consulting a single member of his party, he sits down and dashes off an election address, "with victory in every period," which—so his most unconstitutionally interfering patron tells him—no

other man in England could have written. He turns out a wonderful orator; it is a pity that his biographer should have selected from his election speeches a specimen which will compel most readers to be of a different opinion. He refuses a lady of title; but, in due course, the villain who married his Constance is killed by the convenient horse of fiction, and all ends happily. The story is supposed to be told by a "Gloire de Dijon" rose, belonging to Constance, at whose roots she had buried her hateful wedding ring, for love of the political painter. The mixture of mild sentiment with election speeches, passionate ecstasies, broken hearts, and extracts from the county newspapers and the *Court Journal*, have almost the effect of grotesque humour, in spite of the seriousness, solemn to the point of silliness, with which the "Gloire de Dijon" reports them at first and second hand. It should be added that "the western light formed a sort of aureole on the darkly golden head" of the heroine; and the hero talks in this style—"Ay, you may wince, and your scrupulous narrow notions of English propriety may shudder at my sentiments, but I denounce you for the pitiful impostor that you are!"

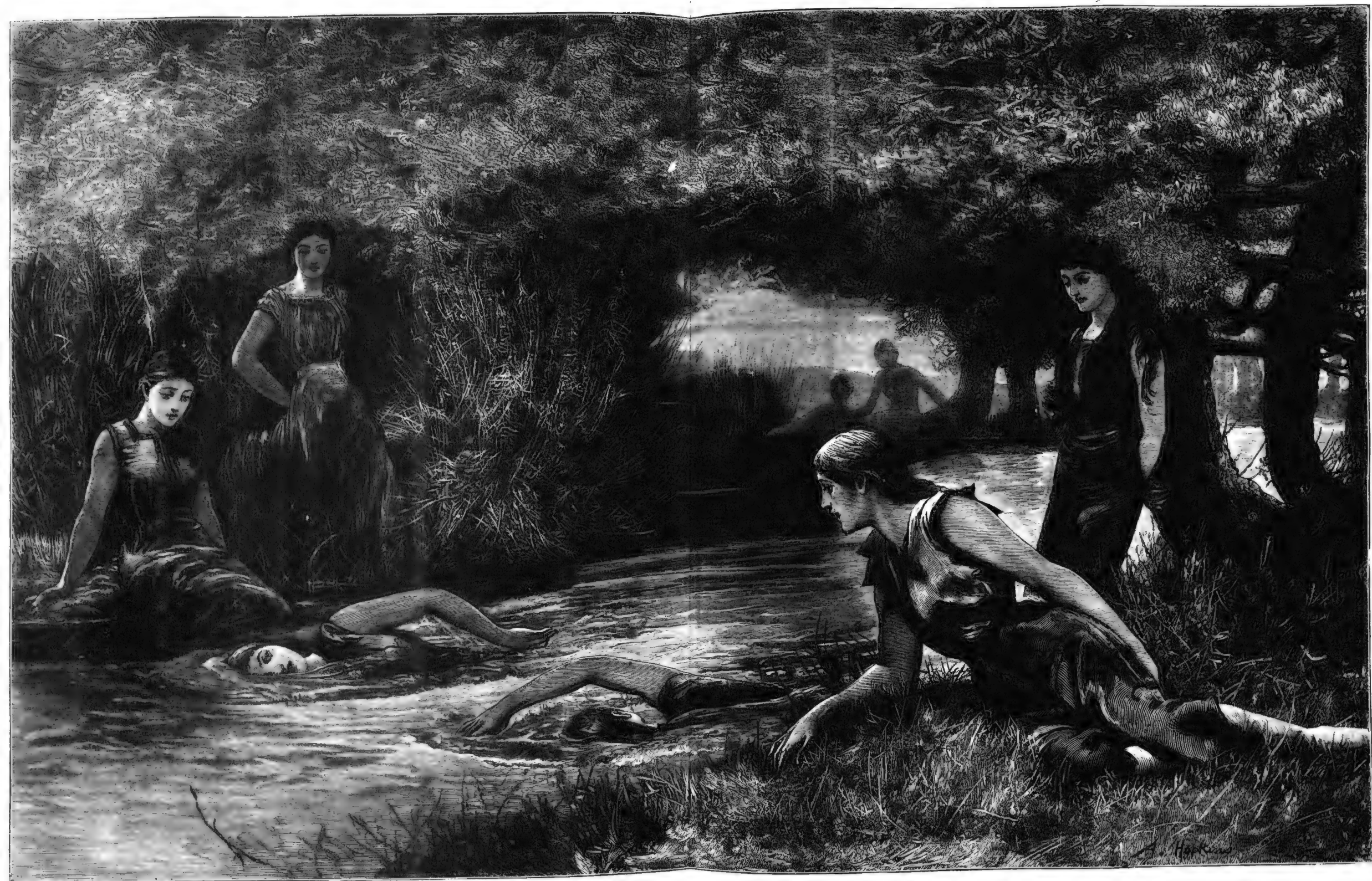
"People She Knew," by an Old Maid (1 vol.: Remington and Co.).—This volume of very silly love stories may be dismissed in a very few words. The "Old Maid" could never have known such people as she describes; and, were their existence possible, they are far too uninteresting to make it worth her while to share her knowledge of them with the world.

"Through a Needle's Eye," by Hesba Stretton, 2nd Edition (1 vol.: Kegan Paul and Co.).—Hesba Stretton's excellent novel is republished as one of an important and uniform series of works of fiction. It amply deserves the additional popularity which it is thus likely to obtain.



It requires some consideration as to what to take and what to avoid when starting on a visit to a country house for six weeks or two months, where a round of autumnal gaieties may be anticipated. Our advice is only offered to people with moderate means who have a wholesome dread of Christmas bills, and yet wish to dress stylishly, if not extravagantly. If going to the North all thin material garments should be left at home. If to the South all saten and cambric costumes for outdoor wear may be taken, and the pocket handkerchief dresses especially should be worn as much as possible, for the fashion will probably be exploded by next season. During the present month, when sales are on at all the principal West-end shops, it is desirable to replenish the store of under-linen and dainty collarettes, of lace or muslin, which, if soiled, should be got up by a first-class cleaner or clear-starcher, when they will look as good as new. For morning dress large open collars made of fine linen trimmed with Valenciennes or Torchon lace look fresh and cool when the wearer has a full white throat. More pliable and suitable for afternoon wear are cambric collars trimmed with lace insertion and edging; the cuffs worn over the tight-fitting sleeves must match the collars. *Aprapros* of sleeves, the old-fashioned leg of mutton sleeves, on a small scale, have come up again, and, if not exaggerated, are very becoming, as they have the effect of narrowing the back and chest of stout figures. Having liberally provided for the linen and lace department, the next things to be thought of are the boots and shoes, which to insure comfort should be made to measure, as no two pairs of feet are formed strictly alike, and only those who wear them know where the shoes pinch. For the time of visiting mentioned above, one pair of long soft leather boots, with about twelve buttons and cork soles, one pair of Oxford shoes fastened on the instep with three buttons, one pair of dress kid boots, one pair of dress shoes embroidered on the front or arranged for bows to match the costumes with which they are to be worn, are desirable. It is well where means will permit to have shoes or boots made of the same materials as the dinner or evening dresses. Next the breakfast dresses, of which three should be sufficient. One of black cashmere made *en saque*, embroidered round the hem up the front, on the collar and cuffs, with marigolds for a brunette, or pompons of many colours for a blonde; pearl white lace for the former and cream lace for the latter. This costume will be found useful for a wet or dull day. The second costume may be made of washing Indian silk, self-coloured, plain, or figured, at the back a Watteau pleat, sleeves puffed from the shoulder to the wrist, lace ruffles at the throat and wrists; small cap to match. The third dress, of white foulard, with pale blue spots, honeycomb plastron of plain blue satin, wide cuffs, and square collar, trimmed with lace. Breakfast dresses are not necessary for young girls, as they often take an early ramble, and should put on their short dresses when they get up. All promenade costumes are now made quite short, of a variety of soft woollen materials, plain, striped, or checked; the last-named design must only be worn by tall, slender figures which even, under these conditions, are disfigured. A great advantage in batiste and cambric dresses is that they wash and look nice, or, better still, they may be sent to the cleaner's, and come home looking like new without that white, shiny appearance produced by an ordinary laundress. It is a comfort for those of us who are not favoured with slender figures to learn that the time for pale stones, drabs, and greys, is past, and dark colours are again in fashion; clarets, blues, greens, browns, and black have made their appearance, at the same time the paler hues are used for foundations, heavily trimmed with velvet or plush of rich dark shades.

Of course a handsome black silk costume must form a portion of the country *trousseau*. M. Gustave Janet has designed for the *Revue de la Mode* a most charming and elegant promenade costume, made thus, in black satin, cachemire, and red trimmings. A very short pleated black satin petticoat, with red quilting below; Princess robe laced at the back, draped on the cross at the side, and bound with a crossway piece of red, below which falls a red woollen ball fringe. Wide sleeves, turned back to the elbow, to show a red lining. At the back, the drapery is arranged in careless folds, which open and show a red lining and crossway trimming. The corsage is a Jersey, for which there is a *furure* at the watering-places, for the Parisians, after having derided and scoffed at this truly English garment, have now taken it up most enthusiastically.—The *corsage casequin*, which may be worn with a variety of skirts, is very useful out of town; it is well to have one made in black or very dark coloured velvet, to fit the figure, with a deep basque in front and long coat-tails at the back, lined either with black, white, or a colour.—One of the most charming new materials is shot Surah, broadened or plain, which looks very pretty when the sun shines on it.—As many young people like to wear white dresses in the middle of the day, when the sun has still great power, a West End tailor has brought out a stylish ulster made of white vicuna cloth, lined with cardinal red, which makes an excellent wrap. With this wrap at hand a simple costume of white satinette made thus may be worn without fear of catching cold. The skirt is short with a tablier of large double pleats and a narrow quilting of the same at the edge; across the front a scarf, edged with lace, fixed higher on the left than the right side. At the top it is sewn to the petticoat, at the bottom it is fixed with three large ivory buttons, concealed by three bows of ribbon, blue, red, or pink; at the back the skirt forms rows of wide pleats, which are easily ironed, as is also the scarf, which can be removed from the skirt. The corsage is quite



SWIMMING À LA MODE

plain, finished off with a large bow of satinette and lace at the back, whilst the gathered front is fastened with a coloured ribbon band and ivory or pearl buckle. When the throat is not too short a high collar, edged with guillemé lace belonging to the dress, may be worn, but there are very few to whom this mode, à la Sarah Bernhardt, is becoming. A *fichu* of soft muslin and lace is far more graceful. At the Casino balls, given at Trouville, Étretat, and other fashionable watering-places, white Indian muslin is the prevailing material used, which shows that flowing skirts will soon be again the fashion. These muslin costumes are elaborately trimmed with lace, the bodices, with deep-pointed basques, are made of silk or satin, with elbow sleeves and lace *fichus*, down one side of which is a wreath of natural flowers.

An elegant costume was recently sent to Trouville from Paris: it consisted of a petticoat of pale blue satin with seven graduated narrow flounces, a white muslin over-dress, trimmed with deep lace and made with a train, corsage of blue satin made with a deep point in front, cut in a V shape, very low and filled up almost to the throat with muslin and lace; from the two sides of the corsage a breadth of satin, caught together with a bouquet of flowers half way down and falling to the ground in four large pleats, on the corsage a half wreath of flowers. This costume looks well in black net and satin, with roses of many shades, or in white tulle and satin with crimson china-asters. Pretty novelties for the autumn are the square collars with cuffs to match, painted by hand on silk or satin in water colours, either a wreath or corners, or both, of field flowers and ferns; these collars are made so that they may be transferred from one costume to another, black, white, cream, or silver grey are the colours most suitable for the foundation; painting these collars *à la Nature* is a very pretty work for a morning in the woods or fields, and gentlemen artists may be coaxed into the service.

Although short dresses are *de rigueur* for the promenade, and often worn for evening dress toilette, yet we are very loth to part with the train for evening wear. A capital arrangement for converting a short under-petticoat into a train skirt is by buttoning on a deep flounce under a tuck or narrow frill.

With regard to hats and bonnets there is no change this month; the shapes are wired so that they may be bent *à volonté* to suit the whim of the wearer; "The Tam o' Shanter," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Lowlander" hat, made in velvet, is gaining favour.

The autumn and winter mantles will be worn very long and much trimmed; woollen and silk pelisses, black lined with red, are also being prepared to be trimmed with lace and fringe now, and later on with fur.



MRS. HORACE DOBELL is very angry that the author of "John Halifax" should, in "Young Mrs. Jardine," have dared to stigmatise women in general as "feeble and useless," and to say that "the man who has the will to choose, courage to win, and faithfulness to keep is almost unknown to modern chivalry; as rare, alas! as the woman who deserves to be thus adored," nay "that it is generally the women, not the men, who fan family quarrels." Mrs. Dobell is able to refute this last imputation from her own experience, brought up (as she naively confesses) in the very midst of family feuds so bitter as to keep Chancery suits going for half a century. It was not the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts, but the brothers and uncles who kept these going. Women are certainly not useless; they nurse, they paint for the Royal Academy, they hoe turnips, and a woman's novel, "Owen Gwynne's great work," is one of the best of the season. They are pure, in many notable cases, even on the stage; they are so far from being ignorant, that the cry is against their over-education. Greatest virtue of all, they are not jealous of one another's beauty. Witness the Queen hearing with pleasure the comparisons made by the crowd between her and the ex-Empress Eugénie. Mrs. Craik we are informed, is too much of a recluse, and her critic rather rudely tells her she ought to have joined a sect who styled themselves "the Peculiar Church of God." Indeed, to attack the author of "John Halifax" seems the sole reason for publishing "Versus a Woman, Pro Woman, and Other Articles" (Wertheimer, London Wall). The other articles include a paper on "Kleptomaniacs," and one on "Servantism;" but the wheat in this volume of chaff might be put into a nutshell. We have met nothing worth remembering, save that novelists ought to write of what they know, and not of what they've merely read about, "this being the secret of Anthony Trollope's success in describing high life." Here again Mrs. Craik is fixed on as the special offender because she has happened to describe a duchess coming down to breakfast in linsey; whereas Mrs. Dobell knew of one who began the day in a plum-coloured velvet dressing-gown, satin-lined, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. By the way, Mrs. Dobell does justice to the real merits of the often abused Miss Braddon, in her criticism of whom she is more successful than when, in "Servantism," she bursts into such verse as this:

They scold us if we wish for food,
Roast lamb, or fowl, or peas.
Such dainty things are all too good
For such poor creatures as we bees!

Miss de Fonblanque, in "Five Weeks in Iceland" (Bentley and Son), finds grumbling at everything, from "the unsavoury steamer *Camoens*, and its veteran fowls with a flavour of feathers," to the Reykjavik Church (in which the Dean "desecrated the altar" with his own special spittoon) such pleasant work, that, despite her name, we are inclined to pronounce her an unmixed Briton. Moreover, she grumbles in such a way that her book is very lively and readable. At its close she tells us: "I had known such happy days in Iceland; it had been a new link in my existence;" and few of her readers will bid her "good bye" without feeling that a portion of her enjoyment has been bequeathed to them. She is brimfull of fun; her picture of "the noble array of our fellow passengers gathered in attitudes denoting great uneasiness of mind and embarrassment of limb, perfectly silent, and contrasting badly with the grace of manner of their Icelandic host," is delicious. So are her criticisms on "Alice's" riding; (we hope that lady enjoys them) and her hit at the Reads, who, having introductions, would interview not only the Governor's family, but the Bishop's. Of course she describes Thingwalla and the Geysers, simply and briefly stating what she saw, and abstaining from "gush." Very good, too, is her account of the night in Oxara Church, where Mr. Blisset put out the altar candles by flinging boots at them (they had been forgotten till every one was safe in his or her waterproof bag), "the poor candles next morning looking bowed down with shame at having been compulsory witnesses of our sacrilegious orgies." The shipping of ponies, the chief Iceland trade (since sulphur has turned out a failure), is well described. Would that cavalry horses behaved as well as those little creatures seem to do in the process. The Scotchman at the Hafnarjörð sulphur mines, who "would not go to the trouble of reading home newspapers, and had developed a more apathetic frame of mind than the least ambitious native," is a man to make a note of. On the whole, Miss de Fonblanque, what with lots of cream and excellent coffee, had a very good time of it; though she insists on saying: "One is thankful for small mercies in Iceland." The flaw in her book is what in a man we should call

the snobbishness that was angry with the chief guide, "son of a distinguished literary character," for sitting down to table with the party. How will she, when she is a mother, treat her governess, or wish her son to treat his private tutor? Gudmisen was paid so much a day, but that did not make him a mere menial.

Intending emigrants may pick up a good deal of indirect information from "A Trip to Manitoba" (Bentley and Son). They will find plenty about the sea of mud which drives so many to try their fortunes on the Yankee side, but will also learn that, if they have the courage to go on, success lies along the Canada Pacific line. This railway will be the making of Manitoba; the land on both sides of it has been granted to the railway, with power to sell or give to the settlers. Thus everybody is happy, except the British farmer, who looks with anxiety at what promises to be one of the greatest granaries of the world. Mrs. Fitzgibbon found that on the great lakes one can be as seasick as in the mid-Atlantic; she also found that saloon and steerage passengers were as sternly sundered on board the lake steamer as on the ship about which a passenger has been writing so indignantly to *The Times*. Over and over again she speaks of the honesty of the Indians; "musk rats," strung up as our seafarers do fish, "might hang till they rotted off before any but the rightful owners would touch them." At Winnipeg she found very pleasant society, "composed of the old Hudson's Bay Company families, many having Indian blood in their veins;" and she tells a good story of how a young Englishman, condoling with a lady on her having to associate with half-breeds, was met with the reply: "I am one of these despised half-breeds." But her best story is anent the Liquor Law; a man was fined fifty dollars for smuggling whisky; he could not pay, and would not walk the 130 miles to gaol; so, as no conveyance was available, they compounded by taking a time bill on the railway contractor for half the fine. The book gives a lively and evidently truthful picture of the ups and downs of emigrant life.

Dr. Cumming is well nigh exploded; but the Rev. J. C. Boyce, in, "Nigh Unto the End" (Bentley and Son), follows undauntedly along the great prophecy-monger's line. We do not care to discuss the drying-up of the Euphrates and the frogs and the false prophet. Perhaps we have not forgotten how one of the most popular of these books was written by two jocular and impecunious undergrads, to pay the expenses of a Highland tour. Very probably the Turkish Empire is falling to pieces; but it is not clear (in spite of Mr. Boyce) that St. John had this event in his mind when he wrote about "what shall shortly come to pass," nor can we believe that the "altar in the midst of Egypt" (Isaiah xix. 19) is the Ghizeh Pyramid. We take it that both St. John and the Prophets wrote for those near them in time. People who think otherwise, and who hold that "Gog, Prince of Rosh Meshech and Tubal," is the Czar, lord of Russia, Muscovy, and Tobolsk, will delight in Mr. Boyce's book; and the fact of such books being written shows that, in spite of repeated discomfiture, there is still a demand for them.

Those who know Mr. J. J. Manley's "Notes on Fish and Fishing" will welcome his "Notes on Game and Game Shooting" (Bazaar Office). It is a thoroughly practical, as well as a very interesting book, and seasonable withal; for, though M.P.'s may be defrauded of St. Partridge, as they were of St. Grouse, there are plenty of less experienced hands to whom Mr. Manley's hints will be valuable. As becomes an M.A., he is learned on the etymology of *Tetrao* and *Perdrix*, and quotes "the poet Watt":—"Should pheasants rise, be most particular; He rises nearly perpendicular," and other recondite authorities, and ventures on such an awe-inspiring word as "prolificacy." Hares and rabbits, he points out, are not strictly game; but the Government, Bill, as it stands, will, he thinks, cause more ill-feeling than all the game laws now existing. One useful hint is dropped in reference to the speedy putrefying of animals killed in a state of exhaustion; that is why, in old times, they used to whip sucking pigs, and why the French run down old fowls before killing, to make them tender. Would that our poultryers would do the same! On the Bible difficulty about the hare Mr. Manley is straightforward and judicious.

A new edition of a work so well approved as "The Youth's Companion and Counsellor" (W. and R. Chambers) needs very few words of commendation from us. Those few shall be hearty; for we know no book of the kind more thoroughly adapted to its purpose than Dr. W. Chambers's volume of friendly counsel to the young. We wish his advice could be not only in the hands, but in the minds and hearts of all who are starting in life. That "Every act of intoxication puts Nature to the expense of a fever to discharge the poisonous draught" is as absolutely true as it is that "meals should not be eaten in gravity or gloom," as too many youths are wont to eat them, devouring at the same time the day's papers. On "duties as citizens," "conduct at public meetings," "choice of a profession," and on still graver matters Dr. Chambers is as safe an authority as on diet and exercise. He even tells us on what principles to choose candidates for civic and other elections. In almost everything we agree with him, except in his (we think) too unqualified condemnation of tobacco.

The late Mr. Albany de Fonblanque was one of the most thoughtful of journalists, and one of the most useful of his works, though not one of the deepest, is the well-known account of "How We Are Governed," of which the fourteenth edition, revised and corrected up to the present time by Mr. Smalman Smith, has just been issued by Messrs. Warne and Co. The merits of the book are too well known to need any further eulogy from us. It is without a doubt the best popular work on the subject.

In the original German Dr. Hugo's Müller's "Dramatised Episode from the Life of Beethoven" is doubtless prettily pathetic, but in the crude English translation of Herr Gustav Hein (Aberdeen, A. and K. Milne), its beauties have considerably evaporated. Still here and there is a natural touch remaining, though we doubt whether so slight an original was worth rendering into another language.

From a journalist's point of view, "Journals and Journalism," by John Oldcastle (Field and Tuer), is both a blunder and a crime. The field is already too full; stripping journalists (with empty purses) are plentiful, and to lure young men into an over-peopled sphere of life by suavely-written, but not remarkably decisive advice, is a mistake. At the same time the book is interesting, and will prove useful to practised hands as well as beginners. It is marred, however, by a tendency to mention names for no manifest reason, and by some very palpable and gratuitous "puffs." The author, too, is in error when he states that stereotypes of this journal are sent to America in order that it may be reprinted there. The little volume is daintily printed and bound according to the known traditions of its publishers.

"The Boys' Froissart" (S. Low and Co.), will be found an admirable gift book for the rising generation, whom we would advise, however, to skip the long-winded, well-meaning, but ridiculous "introduction."

We have also to acknowledge a portrait of the Bishop of Lincoln, lithographed by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald from a painting by the Rev. J. Mansell.

It is obviously absurd, during the first halting steps which a child makes in its attempt to read, to set a reading lesson in subjects with which the young learner is absolutely unacquainted. Yet this, it seems, is what has long been done in the English schools in tropical countries. Children in Jamaica, for instance, who are taught from the ordinary English reading-books, have to spell out sentences about snow, holly, buttercups and daisies, wheat, spades, and apples, none of which have they ever seen. Struck by the anomaly of this mode of instruction Miss E. C. Phillips, the well-known authoress of children's stories, has compiled, and Messrs. Griffith

and Farran have published, a series of three small volumes under the title of "Tropical Reading Books," to which Bishop Courtenay (late Bishop of Kingston) has contributed a preface. The first book contains easy reading lessons of the usual sort, save that the subjects selected are those likely to be familiar to children living in the tropics; the second gives information of a broader nature concerning the productions and industries of the world; and the third goes outside the tropics and describes England and other foreign countries. The idea is an excellent one, and carefully and ably compiled as they are by Miss Phillips, the books should command a large sale in tropical schools.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND Co.—It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. This is the case with regard to a pretty ballad, by J. Ascher, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" which appeared in every concert programme until every one was tired of it, was transcribed by half-a-dozen adaptors, and now has been arranged by G. B. Allen as a quartet for S.A.T.B. If this mania for reproducing again and again continues it will become a serious nuisance.—Try as she would, Lillie Albrecht could not do much with a poem, by Ralph Percy, containing such an unmusical line as "I Alone Still Pray that I be Not Forgotten." She did her best; and, all things considered, the music (for a contralto) is not bad.—Both words and music of "On the Golden Sands," written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and Isidore de Lara, are fairly good, and quite on a par.—A mild but cheerful song of the sea is "The Cheery Mariners," written and composed by H. Croft Hillier.—Pleasing words, by Mrs. E. C. Fleetwood, "I Look to the Golden West," have failed to inspire F. Von Lesen to music beyond the region of commonplace.—"Isadore" is a twice-told tale of disappointed love, written by Gore Jones, music by Richard Harvey. It is melodious, and will make its mark at a picnic or penny reading.—"The Bridal Chorus" from Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*, is a melody well suited to the harp. C. Oberthür has arranged it very tastefully for that instrument.—Under the collective title of "Old England" are four easy and brilliant fantasias on English airs, arranged by R. Harvey; all very much alike, with neat variations:—No. 1, "The Roast Beef of Old England," is the least conventional of the set; No. 2, "The British Grenadiers' March," is brisk and spirited; No. 3, "Hearts of Oak," is very commonplace; as is No. 4, which contains "The Bay of Biscay" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."—As a rule, operatic music is popular with the general public. Three "Souvenirs des Opéras de Richard Wagner," arranged for the pianoforte by G. Gariboldi, are respectively:—No. 1, "Le Vaisseau Fantôme;" No. 2, *Rienzi*; No. 3, *Tannhäuser*. All three are very pleasingly arranged and but moderately difficult.—A waltz and a galop bearing the same name, "Amanda," by W. Godfrey, are so fresh and stirring, that we can strongly recommend them to young people going to the country, for their carpet dances.—Precisely the same may be said of "La Bienvenue," a "Redowa" and a "Schottische" twin-named; also of "The Irresistible Quadrilles," by J. Lowick Harrison, who has really succeeded in writing some original dance music.—Not so Richard Harvey, who must have been haunted by the well-known and once-popular "Croat March," to which his "Cyprus Polka" bears a strong resemblance.

IN PERILOUS WATERS

"'BOUT SHIP! O brother mariners!
'Tis needful we should flee;
For Pleasure spreads her luring net,
Beneath this hungry sea.
'Twere death to us, did we but pass
Yon ridge of creamy foam;
There, in a sea-cave fathoms deep,
The Siren makes her home.

"O'er lucent waves of golden-green,
Soft breezes bear along
To ears that will not be beguiled,
The wanton's dulcet song;
We scorn the glamour of her face,
A-flame with hot desire;
No charm lies in the baletul look
Of eyes that scorch like fire.

"Her kisses pall, her love is false,—
So quick to seaward sail;
For kinder is the stress of waves,—
Less cruel is the gale.
The haven of our hope doth lie,
Hard by a brighter shore;
There may we strike our tatter'd sails,
And rest us, evermore!"

H. ECCLESTON



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OSTEND SHRIMP FISHER WOMAN



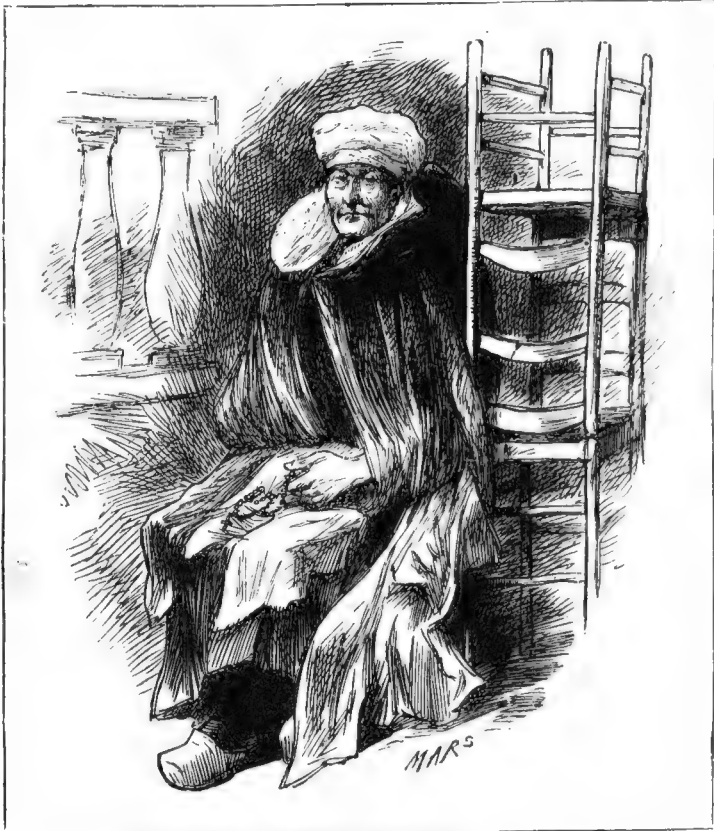
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BELGIAN RECRUITS



A CHESTNUT VENDOR



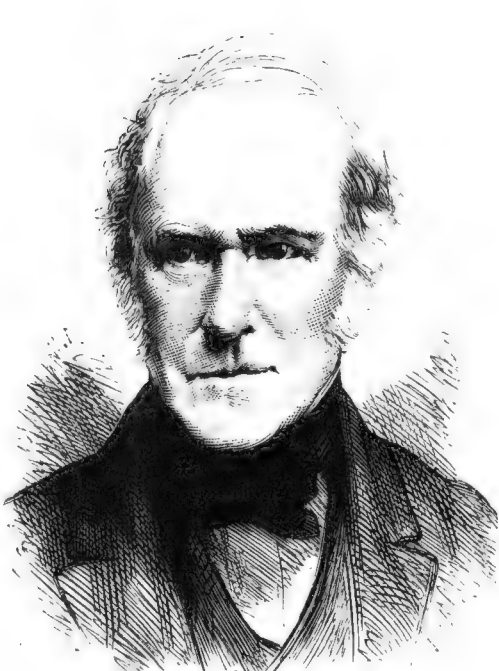
AN OLD BEGGAR, ANTWERP CATHEDRAL



AN ANTWERP WEDDING



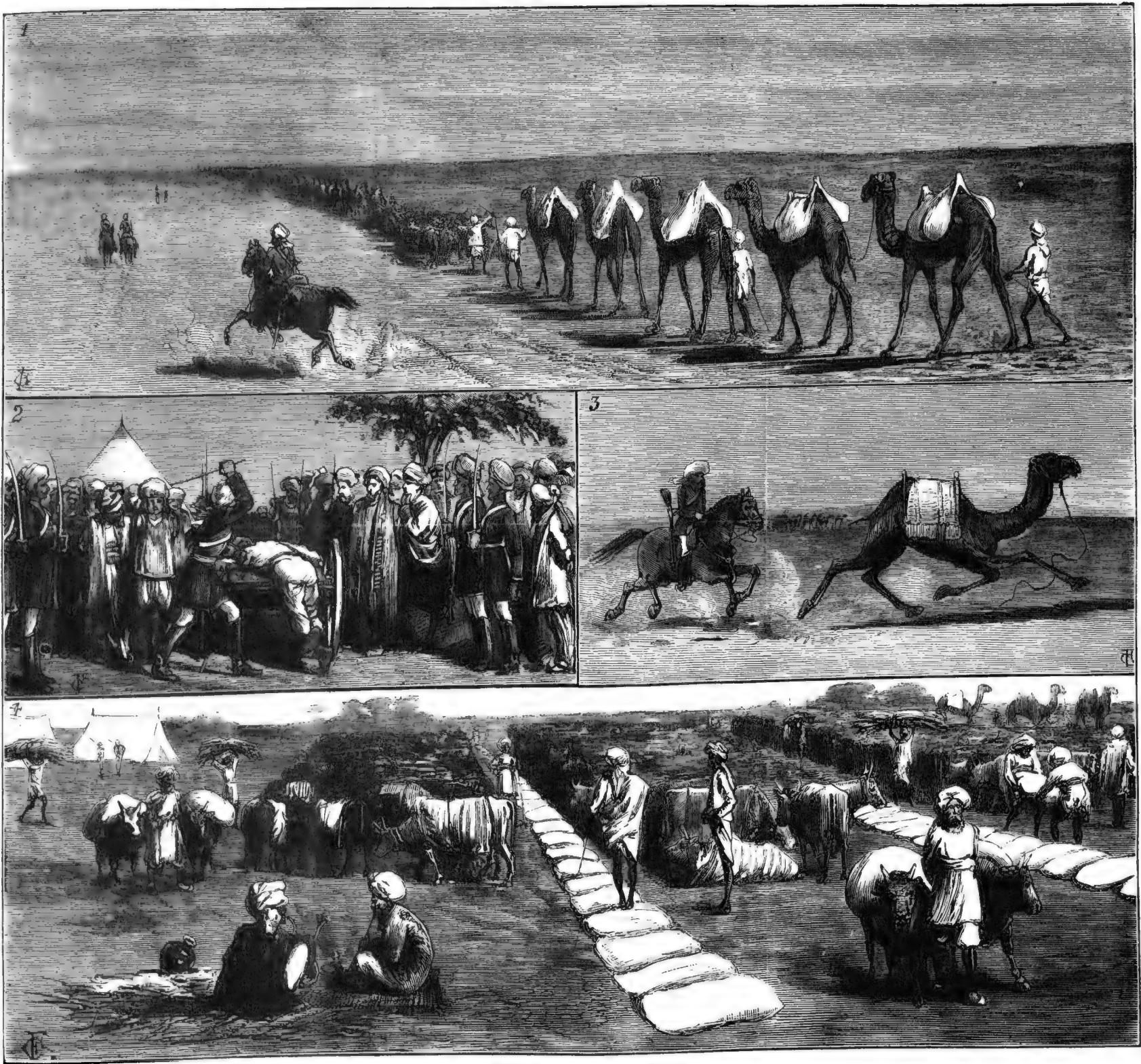
MR. LEPELE GRIFFIN, C.S.I.
Chief British Political Officer in Afghanistan



VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, K.G., G.C.B., P.C.
Died Aug. 14, aged 91



SIRDAR MAHOMED AFZUL KHAN
Abdurrahman's Ambassador



1. Crossing the "Put."—2. The Penalty for Stealing Grain.—3. A Chase after a Loose Camel.—4. After the March.
AFGHANISTAN—WITH A TRANSPORT TRAIN ON THE WAY TO QUETTA

exhibited, for whose death there seemed to be but little provocation. One was a prisoner who had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and who after enduring a month of the discipline had been liberated under amnesty. He could not support the joy of his freedom, and drowned himself in despair. The same day a journeyman slater ended a life which had been crowned with one great event. He had climbed the towers of Notre Dame, and with his own hand had planted the first tricolour flag on the summit of the highest. For this he had received the decoration of the Order of July, and the distinction had done what the dizzy height could not do—it had turned his head. Thousands who had watched him from the base of the cathedral as he made his way to the summit crowded into the little mortuary but a few yards distant from the scene of his triumph, where his body was laid out only three weeks later. To this list of eccentricities two other items must be added. Villars, the famous comedian of the Gymnase, who had caused the theatre to resound with many a hearty laugh, became the victim of such irresistible melancholy that he was found hanged in the Rue de la Lanterne; while Lepeintre, another favourite on the Parisian boards, having gone to see the play of *Le Pendu* at the Théâtre St. Martin, drowned himself in the canal hard by. In both these cases identification was so unnecessary, and the public curiosity so aroused, that the bodies were not exposed to view, but merely deposited in the Salle des Morts. The Morgue is now going to pass through a new phase in its chequered existence. It will not remain a mere dead house. The French Government have resolved to make it the headquarters of a peculiar branch of science, and have commissioned an eminent medical juriconsult to visit European capitals, and report on the laws and customs of other cities.



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—August has redeemed the character of the summer, and has secured for the country a fairly early harvest, ingathered under favourable circumstances, and in good condition. The temperature has been rather over an average in the most important districts, while the generally still air has prevented the fall of grain from the ripe corn, which is not uncommon in a gusty August. The famous Exmoor harvest song in "Lorna Doone," describes the regular cutting of the three crops, no barley till the wheat was down, no oats till the barley "was laid in rotes." This undoubtedly was the system of a century or more ago, but with machines to the fore all the crops are now often cut together on the same farm. Rye is cut first, then early oats, and then comes full harvest of all the cereals which it is now the fashion to cut just before maturity rather than just after. The importance of cutting wheat to the very day, almost to the very hour, is shown in a comparison of its chemical value and composition when ripening and hardening, when ripe, and when over-ripe. Such a comparison was given in this column a few weeks ago.

HORSES.—This is a great season for purchases of horses. There is the Dublin Horse Show, where some of the finest hunters in the world are to be seen. There are good country horse sales going on at Birmingham, Canterbury, and Reading; while in London there was a good sale of recently-imported American horses on Wednesday, and several sales of coach horses are to come off before the end of the month. It has been a good coaching season, with only one slight accident to show for all the famous "perils of the road." The best of times, however, must draw to an end, and though there are not a few who would enjoy some coach rides in the crisp October air, yet Michaelmas will probably see all the coaches laid up, albeit with hope, and indeed promise, of even more vigour next spring.

REPORT ON AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.—While the debates on the Ground Game Bill and other matters of disputed and disputable importance to farmers have made wearisome reading of many columns in the daily press, the same organs of opinion have been content with the briefest references to the reports of Mr. Clare Sewell Read and A. Pell, M.P., and of Mr. John Clay. And yet these reports are removed from the area of political opinion, and absolutely bristle with hints and information of value to the farmer. We hope they will not fail to receive their due notice, although they are published, with all the curious infelicity of red-tape arrangements, at the very worst time of the whole year for their being properly noticed. Mr. John Clay devotes his attention to dairy farmers, and dairy farmers should look to the appendix to see what he has to say thereon.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—On the 21st of August a cuckoo was shot near Downton College, Wiltshire. This is the latest lingering of the cuckoo that we have heard of. The beautiful butterfly, *Vanessa antiopa*, has been taken within the past week at Gravesend, but thus far we do not hear of any "takes" like those of last year.

IRISH PEASANT HOVELS.—The Marquis of Waterford has recently called attention to this subject, and we hope the Irish Land Commission, of which Lord Bessborough is president, will manage to look into it. The Government lends money on favourable terms for building cottages, but the progress made has been lamentably small, the hovels of the West of Ireland remaining a disgrace to the whole kingdom. The obstinacy with which the peasantry cling to their dirty, damp, ill-drained, unhealthy abodes results in this, that the "improving" landlord is profoundly unpopular, and the only well-liked proprietors are those who raise no rents because they make no improvements and eject no tenants because they are content with a stationary position of affairs.

BUTTER can now be transported from Ireland to London at a charge of a penny for a couple of pounds, and the same charge being the London salesman's charge, butter produced at 1s. 3d. per pound in Tipperary could be sold in London for 1s. 5d., and yield to all concerned a very fair amount of profit. The Irish butter trade has been going down for a considerable time, but under the new and liberal arrangements above mentioned we hope to see the upward turn arrive, and prosperity dawn upon at least one Irish industry.

THIS YEAR'S ENGLISH CORN is already being offered at very low terms. The new wheat which we gave last week as ranging from 40s. to 57s. per quarter now makes from 32s. to 50s., while from 40s. to 44s. is the mean value for good samples, weighing 62 lbs. and sometimes 63 lbs. to the bushel. A small quantity of new barley has made 37s. to 39s. per quarter, and some new oats 23s. to 26s. per quarter, but spring corn is not yet fixed in value.

IRISH AGRARIANISM.—Without going into details it is worth noting that in the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* of last Saturday there is a column devoted to the latest "Agricultural Memoranda." These are ten in number, and six are descriptions of fresh agrarian outrages. We sometimes wonder whether English Ministers ever read the Irish Press. The greater outrages are mainly heard of through the Dublin correspondent of *The Times*, but the minor ones, such as stack-burning, destruction of hay, &c., are only to be met with in the local papers. And yet good feeling and "the solidarity of classes" may be almost as much disturbed where a farmer lives

to remember the destruction of his crops, as when the man himself is "killed by Molly Maguire," and his cattle hamstringed *à la* Dillon.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—We are indebted to the *Worcester Herald* for the following interesting "item":—"At Stranraer a genuine Colorado beetle, with a quantity of larvæ, flew in at a doctor's door on Saturday. The larvæ have since developed into a number of lively beetles, which have been duly cared for." Now this has a decidedly circumstantial air about it, and yet if we read of a rare butterfly, accompanied by several caterpillars, having flown in at a naturalist's—let alone at a doctor's windows—we should probably suspend our judgment.

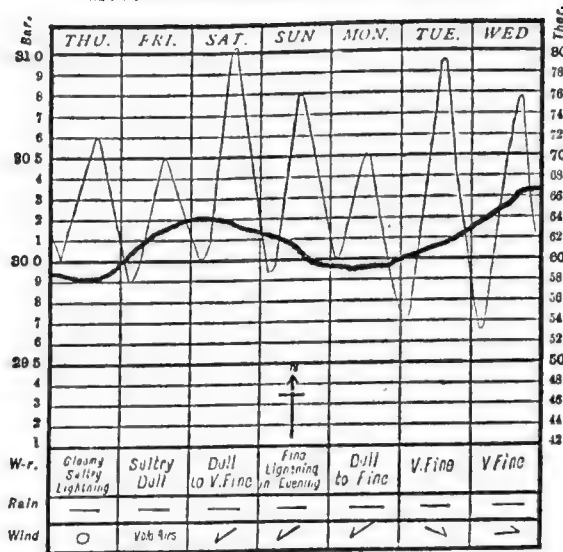
A BIG TREE.—On the Glenlyon Estate, in Perthshire, a larch two centuries in age has been cut up, and a table piece measures 13 feet in circumference, 4 feet 3 inches in diameter at the narrowest and 5 feet at the widest section.

SHRINKAGE OF WHEAT.—Recent experiments go to prove that in ordinary seasons, in barn grain-bins, there is no shrinkage of wheat between harvest and the following spring, but the shrinkage under a hot sun is estimated at about 1 lb. in the quarter (504 lbs.) in three hours.

DERBYSHIRE, in the very centre of England, contains many thousand acres of wild and picturesque land, and boasts some of the most striking scenery in the whole country. Through one of the most delightful parts—from Dove to Hassop—a railway is likely to be cut right through the hill range of Froggat Edge. The line here leaves the property of the Duke of Rutland, and invades that of the Lord of Chatsworth, to whose residence it passes very close. It will "open up," as the phrase goes, a beautiful piece of country hitherto as sacred to the quiet visitor and peaceful lover of Nature as the secluded parts of the English lake district. The enterprise seems of very doubtful advantage, even as a pecuniary speculation.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 26 TO SEPTEMBER 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week has exhibited some marked changes. Dull, sultry, damp, and thundery at first, it gradually altered, until on Saturday (28th ult.) we had one of the finest and warmest days which have been recorded throughout the year; and since then there has been a continuance of genial summerlike days, with fresh air and cool nights. The high pressure area, which prevailed in the north for so long has at length given way, and south-westerly breezes have displaced those from the north-east. The barometer was highest (30.33 inches) at midnight on Wednesday (1st inst.), when it was still rising; lowest (29.91 inches) on Thursday (26th ult.); range, 0.42 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (81°) on Saturday (28th ult.); lowest (53°) on Wednesday (1st inst.); range, 28°. Rainfall was nil, and the wind north-easterly till Monday (30th ult.), then westerly and south-westerly.



THE TURF.—The appearance of Roehampton to walk over for the York Cup on the last day of the meeting led to further and very freely expressed comments on his eleventh-hour scratching for the Ebor Handicap. Perhaps in no previous season have there been so many late scratchings of favourites in important races as in this. Of course the owners urge the trite argument that every man has a right to do what he likes with his own; but it is no less true that each time a horse fit to run is scratched within a short time of a race an injury is done to the Turf as an institution, and the owner's name is dragged through the mud. A large proportion of the visitors to York turned up at Huntingdon, where, after a postponement, the management was enabled to bring off its meeting, which had a fair measure of success, though nothing happened to influence future running. During the present week there has been racing at Weymouth, Warwick, and elsewhere; but we must not look for anything very interesting on the turf till the Doncaster week. Warwick, not many years ago, was anticipated with great excitement, as it often happened that there some very marked proceedings took place in reference to the St. Leger, for which mighty favourites were dethroned and rank outsiders brought to the front. But it is not so now, and Warwick has consequently lost much of its former prestige. It here, however, that the first Nursery of the season is run, and the race known by the name of the Grendon Nursery, was won by Tea Gown, the top weight, from nine others. The St. Leger market does

SEPT. 4, 1880

BIRTH.

On the 29th ult., at 17, Milton Place, Halifax, the wife of HENRY SUTCLIFFE, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th ult., at St. George's, Hanover Square, THOMAS J. McCAFFERY, of Wood Green, to JULIA SOPHIA TODDINGTON, of Blandford Square, Regent's Park.

On the 17th ult., at the Church of Our Lady and St. Joseph, Kingsland, ROBERT WATSON, of Norfolk Road, Islington, to JANE SARAH OWEN, of South Street, Manchester Square.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESIGNS
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UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM

COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
The WINTER SESSION will be OPENED on FRIDAY, October 1st, 1880, at 2 p.m., in the WOOD MEMORIAL HALL, when the SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES will be presented by His Grace the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, the ANNUAL REPORT of the Council read by the Registrar, and the INAUGURAL ADDRESS delivered by T. W. BARRON, M.D., The President, G. Y. HEATH, M.D., will take the Chair.

LICENCES, DEGREES, AND CERTIFICATES IN MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND SANITARY SCIENCE.
Two Licences, Three Degrees, and One Certificate are conferred by the University of Durham, viz., Licences in Medicine and in Surgery, the Degrees of Bachelor of Medicine, Master in Surgery, and Doctor of Medicine, and Certificate of Proficiency in Sanitary Science.

Attendance at the University of Durham College of Medicine during one of the four years of professional study, or subsequently to qualification elsewhere, is required as part of the curriculum for the degrees, except in the case of Practitioners of more than fifteen years' standing, who can obtain the degree after examination only.
The First Examination for the Degree of M.B. may be passed prior to commencing attendance at Newcastle. The Extra Preliminary may be passed at any Examination previous to the Candidate's entering for his Final Examination for the Degree.
Laws of the University of former Examinations may be obtained from the Registrar.

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A UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM SCHOLARSHIP, value £25 for four years annually, for proficiency in Arts, awarded to Perpetual Students in their first year only. The DICKINSON SCHOLARSHIP, value £25 annually, for Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, and Pathology. The TULLOCH SCHOLARSHIP, value £20 annually, for Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry. The CHARLTON SCHOLARSHIP, value £25 annually, for Medicine. The GIBB SCHOLARSHIP, value £25 annually, for Pathology. At the end of each Session a Silver Medal and Certificate of Honour are awarded in each of the regular classes. An Assistant Curator of the Museum is annually appointed from among the Senior Students, and receives an honorarium of £12. Two Assistant Demonstrators, two Assistant Physiologists, and two Pathological Assistants are also elected. Four resident Dressers are chosen every six months, and are required to pay a fee of £10 on board and lodging.
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The Infirmary contains 230 beds. There are special Wards for the treatment of Children, and for Ophthalmic and Syphilitic Diseases. Clinical Lectures are delivered by the Physicians and Surgeons on rotation three times a week. Pathological demonstrations are given, as opportunity offers, by the Pathologists. Practical Midwifery can be studied at the Newcastle Lying-in Hospital, where there is an out-patient department, and about 400 cases annually. Lectures are given on Psychological Medicine at the Coalbrook Lunatic Asylum by R. H. B. WICKHAM, F.R.C.S., Medical Superintendent.
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(2). By payment of 27 guineas at the commencement of the first and second Winter Sessions.
(3). By three annual instalments, each of 20 guineas, at the commencement of the seasonal year.
B—Fees for attendance in hospital practice: For three months' Medical and Surgical practice, 5 guineas; six months, 8 guineas; one year, 12 guineas; perpetual, 25 guineas; or by three instalments at the commencement of the seasonal year, viz., first year, 12 guineas; second year, 10 guineas; third year, 6 guineas; or by two instalments, viz., first year, 14 guineas; second year, 12 guineas.
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Further particulars with REGARD TO EXAMINATIONS may be obtained from Dr. LUKE ARMSTRONG, 26, Clifton Street West, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; or ON ALL OTHER MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGE, from Mr. HENRY E. ARMSTRONG, 6, Wentworth Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

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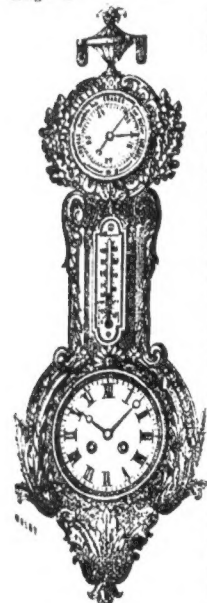


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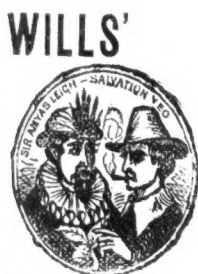
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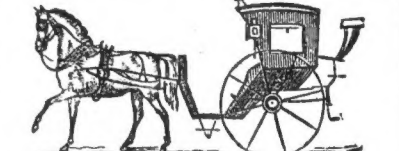
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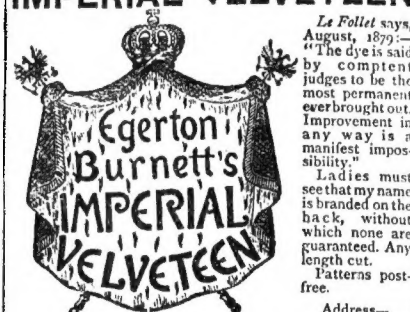
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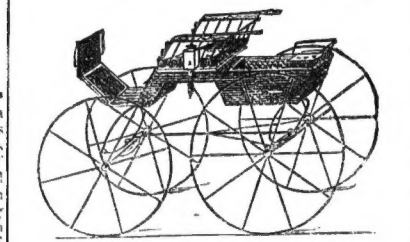


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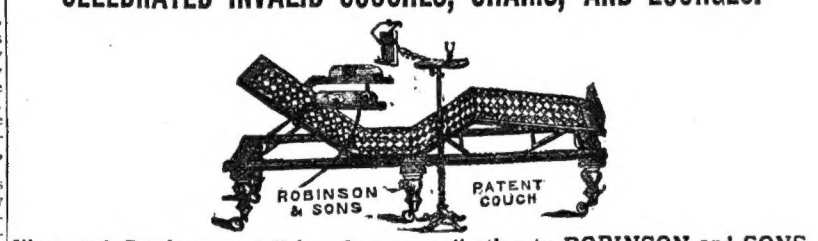
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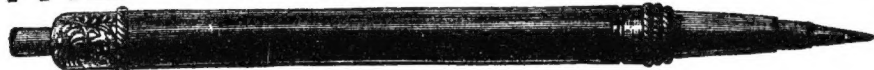
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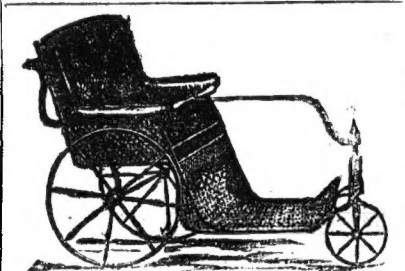
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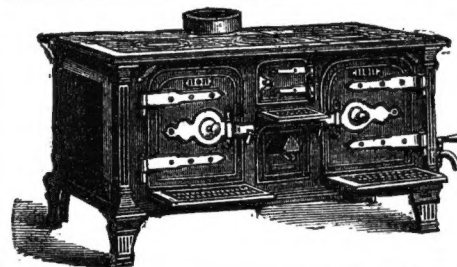
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